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THE WOOD WITCH:

—OR,—

THE DOUBLE PLOT.

A Story of the Bay Provinces.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINE-VAULT, AND ITS SENTINEL.

When Agnes left the presence of her parents she started towards her own room, but before she had reached it she met Polly Wilde, one of the old domestics of the family. She was one who had helped much towards rearing the only child of her mistress, and she had probably done more towards forming the girl's character than both the parents. She was a middle-aged woman, and a faithful and affectionate servant and companion.

"Agnes," said the woman, placing her hand upon the girl's arm, "what will they do with poor Laura Barke?"

"Why, how did you know anything about it?" asked Agnes, in surprise.

"Why, I knew the poor thing was confined here."

"Here? confined here, Polly? What do you mean?"

"Didn't you know she was confined in the cellar?"

"In the cellar of our house?"

"To be sure she is—locked up in the wine-vault."

"How long has she been there?"

"Since last night."

"I'm sure, Polly, I did not know of this before."

"Didn't you? Well, I only knew it by chance. I happened to be in the cellar after some pies, when your father came down with Laura Barke. She was sobbin' and takin' on dreadfully, but he said not a word. He carried her into the wine-vault and unlocked the great door and pushed her in, and then locking the door after him he turned about and went back again. He didn't see me, but I went up as soon as he had got out of the way. You are the first one to whom I have spoken about it."

"Well, Polly, I wouldn't say anything more about it. Don't let any of the servants know anything of it. Perhaps I will go down and speak with her this evening sometime."

"Ah, but ye can't. Master has set Michael to guard the cellar stairs, and he told me he was to watch there all night."

At first Agnes was much astonished at this, but she soon managed to calm herself, and then she kept on her way to her chamber, bidding Polly to follow her. When they had reached the chamber Agnes closed the door, and then turning to the domestic, she said:

"I know you will be faithful, and that you can keep a promise once given."

"You know I can, Agnes; for hasn't it been me that has led you up in the night way from a wee little girl!"

"You have, Polly, and now I am going to give you a work to do, and if from any of its consequences you are questioned, I wish you to answer the exact truth as far as you speak, consequently I shall tell you none of my motives. When we had our party here last month, you know we ate supper in the upper hall, the one right here, adjoining my room?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, when we cleared up the tables I saw Michael Malone's eyes fixed upon the wine bottles, so I took the demijohn and brought it in here, and here it has been ever since. There is about a gallon of wine in it now; and, mind, I wish you to take it down cellar."

"But, Agnes, Michael Malone wont let me carry it down."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Of course I am."

"It isn't very likely that he would allow you to leave it any where near him, is it?"

This was spoken very peculiarly, and in a moment Polly comprehended.

"O—ah," she uttered, while her face brightened up; "now I see. O, yes. Ha, ha, ha. Yes. I'll carry it down cellar if I can. O, no, of course Michael wouldn't touch it. O, no. You wish me to take it down cellar, eh?"

"Yes."

Thus speaking, Agnes went to one of the closets and brought out a demijohn, which Polly at once took.

"Mind, now," said the maiden, as she gave up the spirit, "not a word of this to any one. You may tell Michael that you have some wine there that you wish to carry down, but let no one else know anything of it."

Polly promised to be punctual and faithful, and then she retired; and as soon as Agnes was left alone she sat down and lowed her head upon her hands. She loved Laura Barke, for among all her acquaintance there was no other female whose tastes and feelings were so congenial with her own. She knew the girl to be a pure-minded, honorable being, and in her soul she was resolved that she should not suffer if she could help it.

"Once within that fatal court, with my father as a witness against her, and her fate is fixed beyond all earthly power!" murmured the maiden to herself. "I will at least see and converse with her, for I must know upon what ground this accusation is made."

Agnes had a key to the wine-vault—one which she always kept, as of late she had had control of the furnishing of desserts as parties and other feasts. There were two of these keys, one of which Mr. Lyon kept, and the other had been kept by Mrs. Lyon until since Agnes had been old enough to exercise due judgment in such matters.

In the meantime, Polly Wilde had gone down with her demijohn, and when she reached the back hall, from whence the cellar door opened, she found Michael Malone posted there in a big chair, with his back leaned up against the door.

"Michael Malone, I want to go down cellar," said Polly.

"Ye can't do it," returned Michael.

"But I want to carry down this wine."

"Wine, is it? An' who sent it?"

"Never mind that. It's some that ought to be carried down. It's been up here long enough. It got overlooked."

"Did the masther tell ye's to carry it down?"

"No. He does not know it's up."

"Then just be aither puttin' it down here till the masther comes. Ye's can't go down cellar, so jist mind that now."

"Very well. But mind ye, Michael Malone, ye wont let the servants know ye've got the wine here, for it's nice stuff, and cost a heap."

"Let me alone for that," returned Michael, with a twinkle in his eye.

So Polly placed the demijohn upon the floor, and shortly afterwards withdrew. Hardly had she gone when Mr. Lyon made his appearance. He conversed awhile with the sentinel, and having assured himself that all was as he could wish he turned away.

About fifteen minutes after this, Mishter Michael Malone remained in his chair, but at the end of that time there seemed to come from the demijohn a mighty power of attraction. At first the watcher seemed inclined to resist, but the work was too hard for him.

"Sure for ye, ye beauty," he uttered, in rather winning tones, "ye're the power o' witchcraft in ye, so ye have. Och, an' ye'll bewitch me intirely wid yer persuasiveness."

Thus speaking Michael allowed the demijohn to seize him by the hands, and on the next moment it had forced the stopper from its throat and mounted to his lips.

"Och, by the powers, I'm no wonder masther enjoys hisself with such stuff. Now I'll wager my head that this is wine. I' faith, I'm almost sure of it—but to be more certain, as the lord's butler said, 'we'll take a wee bit o' a taste.'"

And with this Michael took another taste. It was old wine, and its taste gave not an idea of its strength. It was smooth as oil, and when Michael had set the demijohn down and smacked his lips he had but little idea even, of how much he had drank, let alone the amount of alcoholic strength there might be in it. But ere long he began to feel a genial warmth in his soul, and he knew it must come from the demijohn.

"Arrah! be me sowl, but that's the very stuff. Come here, me darlint."

Had the fellow only waited a few moments longer he might have found that he had about as much on board as he could conveniently navigate under. But he was not used to wine, and he knew little of its operation. He probably fancied it might be something like weak punch, as it tasted not much stronger, and he imbibed accordingly. The consequence was, that ere long the indefatigable watcher unconsciously closed his eyes; but something startled him, and as the demijohn was the first thing upon which his eyes fell he valorously seized it. He had a faint idea that something which caused a very pleasing sensation was slipping over his tongue, but beyond this he had no clear thoughts. He drank this time instinctively, and when his throat stopped swallowing of its own accord, the hands, by a sort of sympathetic movement, lowered the demijohn to the floor. But hands are not endowed with separate intellect, and, of themselves, are not supposed to know the particular properties of any part of a demijohn except it may be the handle. So Michael's right hand knew not the bottom from the side, and the consequence was, that the demijohn was set down upon its side, and the wine ran out upon the floor.

Agnes was sitting in her chamber, engaged in pondering upon the subject which had so deeply excited her feelings, when she heard a slight rattling upon her window. At first she was startled, for it was now near ten o'clock, and she was alone. In a few moments the sound was repeated, and this time the maiden knew that it was caused by small pebbles being thrown against her window. It must be some one who wished to see her; but then who should wish to see her at that time of night. Thus was she pondering, when the sound was again repeated, and this time accompanied by a low, shrill whistle. That whistle she recognized at once, and without further thought she hastened to the window. There was no moon, but by the starlight she could see two dark forms right below her window, one of which was of huge proportions, and the other of ordinary size. There was no mistaking that massive bulk of human flesh for anything but the body of Cæsar, and of course none but his young master would accompany him. She noiselessly raised the window, and Lucian spoke. She bade him retire a little way from the house, and she would join him.

So Agnes closed the window, and then noiselessly glided from her room. In the rear hall she stopped, and there she had the pleasure of finding that Mr. Michael Malone was wrapped in the oblivious mantle of somnolent intoxication. She stopped and picked up the demijohn, which she carried with her to the shed, and then she went out into the garden, where she found Lucian.

"Agnes," he said, "for the present I must to a business of importance which has brought me here. Is not Laura Barke confined in your father's house?"

"She is," replied Agnes.

"O, then can you not help me to free her?"

For the moment Agnes felt a thrill of joy in thus finding that she was to have help in the task she had resolved upon; but soon there came another feeling. It was a vague, strange sensation of pain, for the youth had spoken eagerly and earnestly of saving Laura Barke. Agnes knew that Laura was beautiful, and that she loved Lucian Willis for his goodness and manliness—she had told her so a hundred times. Could it be that Lucian had turned his love upon an object which he could more easily gain? At any rate the thought developed itself in the maiden's mind, and for the while it pained her.

"I have already taken measures towards that end," she answered.

"Have you? O, bless you for that. I felt sure you would be willing to help me."

"Certainly, sir; but I did not expect you here on such a mission."

There was a peculiar coldness in this remark, but Lucian noticed it not, and in the same warm strain as before he resumed:

"I could not help coming. Mrs. Burke came to our house sobbing and weeping as though her heart would break, and as soon as she told her sad story, I resolved to help her if it lay in my power. I know that Laura is a noble, virtuous, pure-minded girl, and in my soul I felt that I should be unworthy the love of any honorable female, if I did not put forth my helping hand. And I knew, too, that you loved her, and that you would help me if you could. I will acknowledge that the deep, abiding love I bear to you is selfish, but what assurance would you have of the faith of him who could pass by the helpless in distress?"

The colloquy was quickly blown away, and instinctively Agnes put forth both her hands.

"She is confined in my father's wine-vault," she said, as Lucian took her hands; "but I have contrived to get the sentinel asleep from intoxication, and I have a key to the cellar. But first, do you know why she is thus confined?"

"She is accused of being a witch."

"Yes, I know; but why is this accusation? Of course my father does not put any faith in this fanatical delusion. Tell, me, Lucian, do you not know why it is?"

The youth hesitated. He could not tell a direct falsehood, and he dared not tell the truth.

"Ah, you hesitate. Do you fear to trust me?"

"No, no, loved one, it is not that. O, I would trust you with my life—with my soul—ten thousand times; but do not ask me of this."

"Mark me, Lucian: I know that my father fears the poor girl, and now my mind is filled with all sorts of vague surmises, some of which may be far worse than the truth. Tell me all—O, tell me, if you love me."

Again the youth hesitated, and after awhile he said:

"Since you are so urgent I will tell you; but you must not feel that the knowledge in any way affects me further than I was affected before. You are not responsible for the deeds of your father, and if a knowledge of this gives you pain you will not blame me."

"Of course I will not. But tell me. I would not seek to know my father's faults of which I had no intimation."

Upon this Lucian went on and related the circumstances just as he had them from the lips of Mrs. Burke. When he had concluded Agnes remained silent a few moments, and then she said—her hands still resting in the youth's grasp:

"It is painful to know that my father has done this, but I am glad you have told me, for I suspected it before. I knew that some of our merchants were finding fault, and from a remark which I heard my father drop to my mother, I hit the truth; but I knew not that it was the same affair with which Laura was connected. I feared there might be something else."

"And," added Lucian, "he says that your love to me is only the effects of this poor girl's demoniac power over you."

"So he has told me the same thing; but I can bear that accusation for myself, since you know how long my love has been all your own."

"O, I should be blind indeed did I not know your generous faith and love; but may not your father interpose his authority to our union?"

"I am sure he will," returned the maiden, with some hesitancy in her manner; "but let that rest until we have need of meeting it, and in the meantime we must look to Laura. I have left the key up in my chamber. Wait you here while I run and find it, and then I will put the fair girl under your charge as quickly as possible."

With these words Agnes hurried away to her own apartment. She found the key without difficulty, and then descended at once to the cellar, taking her own lamp with her. She unlocked the door of the wine-vault, and found Laura Burke lying upon the hard brick floor. The prisoner started up as the visitor entered, and as soon as she could fully realize who it was that had thus come to her, she started forward and caught her friend by the arm.

"O, Agnes—you have come to save me!" she grasped.

"Yes," the visitor whispered, "I have come to lead you away from here; so follow me at once, and be calm and quiet. Make no noise, or all may be lost. Lucian Willis has come for you—he promised your mother that he would save you if he could. I had purposed the same thing; so between us both you may make good your escape. Come."

Noiselessly, and like two spirits, glided the girls from the cellar, and when they reached the hall they found all safe there, Michael still sleeping soundly. In the garden they found Lucian and Cæsar in waiting, and after a few passionate words of gratitude and love the faithful friends separated. Agnes gliding back to the house, and Lucian taking his way through the garden, with Laura by his side, while Cæsar walked a little behind to give warning of any danger that might follow.

CHAPTER V.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

On the morning following the events last recorded, Lucian Willis and Cæsar started again up the river. When they reached the small cove where they were wont to land, they rowed their boat in, and, having secured it, started off for the hut of Mark Woodson, with their rifles across their shoulders. They found Mark in the doorway, and upon inquiring after the health of the stranger whom they had left there, they were informed that he was quite comfortable.

"And," pursued the old hunter, "he has inquired after you very particularly. He asked me all about your family, about your character, and about everything else he could comfortably think of. But he wants to see you very particularly, for you see I couldn't tell him about how he was shot at, seein' as how you didn't tell me fully. But come—he's awake, and expectin' ye, for I told him you'd be likely to come up with the tide."

So Lucian followed Mark into the hut, where he found his acquaintance of the previous day upon a bed which was shielded from the light and draught of the door by an old quilt suspended from the low roof. He started up to a sitting posture as he saw the youth, and, with a quick, bright smile, extended his hand.

"I am glad you have come," he said, "for I wanted to see you much. Draw up that old stool, and sit down here."

Lucian did as directed, and then the invalid leaned back upon his pillow.

"First," he said, "I would know something of the manner in which I was shot yesterday, for if I remember rightly you told me that you saw the man who did the deed."

"I did," returned Lucian; and thereupon he stated the particulars just as they had come under his observation.

For awhile after the youth had ceased speaking, the wounded man remained silent and thoughtful.

"Would you know the man, were you to see him again?" he at length asked.

"I think I should," returned Lucian, "but I cannot say certainly. He was partly hidden by the bushes; and then he had his face mostly covered by a thick beard."

"But how was he dressed?"

"He had on a plain citizen's dress, with breeches of black velvet, I should judge. His hat was black, with a broad, slouchy brim. He did not handle his rifle like a man who was much used to it."

"It is a very easy thing for a man to wear a beard at pleasure," said the invalid, thoughtfully. "But I should hardly think any one would wish to kill me."

"May you not have been mistaken for some one else?" suggested Lucian.

"No, that is hardly probable. I think my form is too prominent for that; and surely there are very few who would be likely to wear a dress like mine. The good hunter here, tells me your name is Willis."

"Yes, sir—Lucian Willis."

"He tells me also that your father is dead."

"Yes, sir—he died when I was quite young."

"Was he a native of this place?"

"No, sir. He belonged in Boston."

"I was once acquainted with a family of that name. But perhaps you are not yet aware of my own name and character?"

"I am not, sir," returned the youth, gazing with an earnest admiration upon the noble features before him.

"My name is George Granby."

"Sir George?" asked Lucian.

"So I am called," returned the other, with a smile; "and so I suppose I am. I am one of those who are envied by so many, but who carry cares which the enviers know not of—an English baronet, worth more money than I know how to spend; so courted by the world, and often imposed upon by spurious friendship. But how came you to know?"

"I only knew that there was such a man, from having heard the physician speak of him yesterday. So if your name was George Granby, I very naturally supposed that you must be entitled to the rest of it."

"Ah, yes. But I may thank you for sending so good a physician. He understands himself and his business; but perhaps I may flatter him because he happened to find my case so much more hopeful than I imagined. He assures me that I shall easily recover if I am careful, and that from present circumstances there is no apparent danger. The ball, almost miraculously to be sure, passed clear of any vital part, and made only what might be denominated a flesh wound. So you see I may be out ere long."

"And when you are able, I trust you will find a home beneath my roof until you are entirely recovered. Of course you cannot find such comfort here as you could wish; and though I cannot offer you the best of accommodations, yet I can assure you all that you may need for your real comfort. It is my mother's wish that you should come."

"Ah, then your mother knows me?"

"No, sir—only as one whom I have met in misfortune, and who might be benefited by her care and nursing."

"If that is so then God has blessed you with a good mother."

"An angel, sir," exclaimed the youth, warmly. "O, she is a pure being—a noble, generous soul."

"And her son is not unlike her, if I may judge from what I have thus far seen," said Sir George, with some emotion.

"I wish I could be more like her, sir. I may be as ready to yield assistance to the worthy in

distress, but O, I know there must be a sweet, peculiar joy in that calm, forgiving spirit which knows no enmity, and consequently never wars with itself."

A few moments the baronet gazed into the youthful speaker's face, and then, while a dark shadow passed over his own features, he said:

"Ah—too few of us realize how much of earth's misery comes from the feelings we cherish in our own bosoms. It is an easy matter—very easy—to fill the soul with thoughts of revenge; but no man can feel a pure joy while one such thought remains; and yet how few are willing to purchase joy of soul at the expense of doing right. Since I came to this country you are the first person who has touched the deep spring of my friendship; and even that may be well made up of gratitude. Most people seem to think that because I own a golden title, I must be fed on flattery. Bah! if they knew how I despise them and their flattery, they'd shrink away behind their own capacious self-esteem, and there remain. But tell me something of your circumstances. To one who has saved my life I feel under some obligations, but to one who has touched my heart I feel more. In truth, I feel strangely drawn towards you, and I may as well own it as not. Your face is different from any face I have before seen—not only different in its physiognomic form, but different in its moral tone. You will think me free and plentiful of speech, perhaps, but I love to talk when I feel in the mood, and have something to talk about. But tell me something of your position—of your history?"

"My position, sir, is simple enough," returned Lucian, in a kindly tone. "I am what you can see—one who works for a living—half hunter and half fisherman. My mother has some money—some which her husband left her, but we seldom touch it, for the hour may come when other sources of income may be cut off. I can tell you no more. And now let me ask you how long you have been in this country?"

"I came over with Sir William Phipps, your present governor; so of course I can have been here but a few months. I had a wish to see the country, far over on our side of the water we have some curious accounts of America."

Lucian remained nearly an hour longer with the baronet, and at the end of that time he had fully learned to love him for his noble thoughts and sentiments. Never before had he come into companionship with a man whose feelings seemed so congenial with his own, or who could appeal so directly to his warm and ardent affections. When the youth turned to depart he had promised to come again as soon as convenient; and the invalid had promised that he would accept of his young friend's hospitality as soon as he was able to sustain the task of moving.

When Lucian reached the dooryard he found Cæsar waiting for him, and together they set off. They did not turn at once towards the boat, but took a path to the westward, hoping to fall in with a deer. And it was fortunate they did so, for in less than half an hour they started a noble deer up from a thicket of alder bushes, and a ball from Lucian's rifle brought him down. It was quick work for the two to remove the skin and quarter the animal, and then shouldering the prize they started towards the boat, where they arrived without further hindrance.

While Lucian Willis was on his way to the hunter's cot, Mr. Roger Lyon was preparing for the trial of Laura Burke. Not long after breakfast a tall, slim man, well advanced into the winter of life, entered the merchant's dwelling. This was no less a personage than William Stoughton, the judge of the superior court. He had been an eloquent preacher, and at different times had held the office of Lieutenant Governor, and was now down in Salem engaged in the strange work of trying witches! With the judge came a short, dumpy, coarse-featured man, in the middle age of life, who acted as clerk. His name was Jonathan Ruggles.

As soon as the court had thus made its appearance, Lyon conducted them to a front apartment, and there bade them wait until he brought the accused. He then left the room and proceeded at once to the back hall, where he found Michael Malone still on guard. The poor Irishman looked care-worn and sleepy, and his master informed him that he might leave in a few moments. The merchant procured a lamp, and then went down cellar. He found the door of the wine-vault locked, and having unlocked it he went in.

"Come," he said, in an abrupt tone, "I wish for you now. Eh—where are you? Laura! Laura Burke! What—not here?"

Carefully the merchant peeped into every nook and corner, but nowhere could he find his prisoner. Behind every cask and box, and behind every barrel—but he found her not. What could it mean? He made sure she was not in the vault, and then he took a look into the cellar. Here he was doomed to equal disappointment, and hurrying up stairs he confronted Michael.

"Villain!" he gasped, "the prisoner has flown!"

"Och—be the howly powers, has she though?" uttered the fellow, completely dumbfounded.

"She has. And now who has been down into the cellar?"

"Not a livin' soul. 'Pon me honor there hasn't."

"Haven't you been asleep, you rascal?"

"Och! Is it Michael Malone that 'od be after slapein' wid sich a duthy upon his shoulders? No, sur. Mebbe I may have jist closed me lids a bit just be the way o' restin' me eyes wid staring at the lamp forenest me; but it's not the least bit o' slaps that's visited me inthirely the whole night long."

"Then how could that girl have escaped?" demanded Lyon, rather more in a tone of perplexed astonishment than of anger.

"Be the powers of the howly mither, an' wasn't she a witch, yer honor?"

"Certainly she was."

"Tish hasn't she flown off on a broomstick, jist? Arrah, that's the way she's gone now."

Here was a poser for Mr. Lyon. If he positively denied that the girl had gone off in the manner hinted at by Michael, then his own assertion that she came up bodily through the double floor of his sitting-room would be doubted. He saw the dilemma in which he was placed, and after a few moments' thought he went to seek Agnes. He found her in the garden.

"Agnes," he said, speaking rather sternly, "where is Laura Burke?"

"Where is Laura? I'm sure I know not. Why do you ask?"

"Haven't you seen her?" he continued, eyeing the maiden sharply.

"Seen her when?"

"At any time since yesterday."

For a moment Agnes was staggered. Never yet had she done such a thing as to speak a deliberate falsehood to a human being; but she hesitated not long. She firmly believed that here was a conflict between justice and tyranny—between right and wrong. The wrong had might upon its side, and she very quickly made up her mind to speak not a word that could betray the persecuted or the loved one.

"Why—has any evil befallen her?" Agnes quickly asked, meaning to evade the direct answer if possible.

"Did you not know that I had her confined in my wine-vault, last night?"

"Ah—and that was why Michael Malone was placed there as sentinel. But has Laura escaped?"

"Yes."

"And cannot *witches* make their way through stone walls as well as through doors?"

"Agnes Lyon, you will do well not to trifle with me!"

"But—my father. Do you really think Laura was a witch?"

"I know she was!" he cried, stamping his foot fiercely upon the ground.

"Then why wonder that she has escaped from the vault? You should have nailed an old horse-shoe over the door, and she might not then have got out."

"Agnes, you have had a hand in this business; but you shall not profit by it. Mark me: *You shall not profit by it.* And as for Laura Burke, I shall find her soon enough."

Thus speaking the incensed merchant went back into the house, and sought the judge and clerk.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but the prisoner has made her escape. Last evening I locked her up in my wine-vault—a place from which no ordinary man can make his way in a lifetime without some tool of iron—I locked her up there, put the key in my pocket, and then posted a faithful sentinel over the outer door. My guard has not slept, and I found the door locked as I left it; but the prisoner had gone!"

"Did you not say that she came directly up through the floor of your room?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"Then she has probably made her escape now in the same manner."

"Of course she must have done so. Ah, she is a dangerous person to be at liberty through the town."

Both the judge and the clerk folded their hands in silent horror at the thought, and the former muttered over a short Latin prayer.

"Then she is not to be found on the premises?" said Stoughton, after he had recovered from the deep solemnity into which the utterance of the prayer had plunged him.

"No, sir. But she may yet be taken. I shall use every effort, for I tremble for society while such workers of evil are about."

To this laudable sentiment the two officials gave a hearty response, and then arose to take their departure, there being several cases of witchcraft to be disposed of that day.

When Roger Lyon was left alone he commenced to pace the floor with slow, measured strides. His head was bowed, and his hands clasped behind him. Perhaps at that moment some strange voice whispered to him and asked him how much real joy his life gave him—how much peace he derived from his gold? At all events he was very thoughtful, and far from being happy. There was an evil spirit in his own bosom which needed exorcising most.

CHAPTER VI.

CÆSAR SEES SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS.

When Lucian Willis left Lyon's garden in company with Laura Burke, he pursued a course to the southwest, and at the distance of some five-and-twenty rods he found the Widow Burke anxiously awaiting their coming. The mother and daughter embraced each other with tearful gratitude, but their youthful friend stopped not for them to explain matters there. Cæsar still kept in the rear, while his master went on ahead with the females. The young man took his way towards what is now South Danvers, and at the end of an hour he turned off into a deep wood, but by a path which he and Cæsar knew well. It was not far from midnight when they stopped before a small cot which stood far away in the wood, and at the door of which Lucian knocked. The summons was answered by a young man about Lucian's age, who had simply thrown an old blanket over his shoulders.

"Who's here?" he asked, holding the candle behind him to prevent the light breeze from extinguishing it.

"It's me—Lucian Willis."

"Eh—Lucian? But what are you doing out here at this time of night?"

"I have a couple of females here, whom I desire to place under your protection. One of them I have this night led from a witch's prison. You know Laura Burke."

"Laura!" cried the young woodsman, in surprise. "But come in. Come—"

As he spoke he stepped back into the hut, and Lucian then led in the two females, Cæsar remaining without to keep guard, for there might be such a thing as their having been followed. The hut had only one apartment, and only one bed in that, and upon that bed now sat an old man, whose few straggling locks were white as snow, and whose deeply furrowed features were tokens of a life well nigh its extremest night. He was large in frame, and what had once been extreme breadth of shoulders had now become a unshapen lump of the back. His name was Walter Arthurson, and he had seen more than ninety years of life. The young man, whose name was Thomas Arthurson, was his grandson, the father and mother of whom had been killed by the Indians, near Haverhill, some years before. The youth had bought this hut of a trapper some three years previous to the present time, and here he brought his only known living relative—his decrepit old grandfather, whom he had since supported with his rifle and traps. He knew both Mrs. Burke and her daughter from having seen them often in Salem.

As soon as the parties had become seated, Lucian related all the circumstances of Laura's imprisonment, and the cause thereof.

"And now," he said, "I have brought her hither, feeling sure that you will protect her if you can."

"You were right, Lucian," returned young Arthurson, warmly; "for I am not only willing to protect them, but I have the power also. The old trapper who built this hut made a curious provision for escaping from the Indians, and I think there will be no difficulty in escaping from the witch-hunters in the same way."

The speaker was a bold, generous-looking youth, of a stout, firm frame, and betraying more than an ordinary share of intelligence.

"God will bless you, sir, for your kindness," uttered the widow, while tears of gratitude bedewed her cheeks.

"And so will your presence bless me," said Thomas; "for I assure you nothing can give me more joy than to have those about me whom I can aid and assist."

As for Laura, she could not speak. Her position was a strange one, and her thoughts were mostly engaged with the terrible fate she had thus far escaped. Lucian remained until he had helped Thomas fashion a bed in one corner of the cot, and then, having assured himself that he could do no more, he took his leave.

With swift steps he and his companion made their way back to town, where they arrived safely.

On the following day Lucian visited Sir George Granby, as we have seen, and he did the same on the three days next succeeding. On the third day he found the baronet suffering from fear. He had, it seemed, been up, and out of doors, and the exertion consequent thereon proved too much for him. The physician was very wroth when he found how his patient had disobeyed his injunctions, and he asserted that the sickness might now last for several weeks, whereas it might have terminated in as many days had the invalid only obeyed orders.

So Lucian was not to have the companionship of his new-found friend as soon as he had expected; but he saw him every day, and at every visit he was more and more drawn towards him. During the week succeeding the flight of Laura Burke, Lucian's business prospered. He and Cæsar shot four deer, besides a large number of birds which sold readily. At any rate they realized fourteen pounds from the proceeds of eight days' work in the woods, and upon the beach.

One evening, about a fortnight after the rescue of Laura Burke, as Mrs. Willis and her son, and Cæsar, were sitting in their comfortable apartment, some one rapped upon the door. Lucian answered the summons, and upon going to the door he found a man there who asked for accommodations for the night. This was a curious request, and so the youth said; but the applicant said that the inns were all full of people who had come to see the witches tried, and that he had been recommended to call there. He gave his name as John Cross, and said he had come from Boston partly on business, and partly to be present at the trial of some of those who had been taken up for witches. Lucian went in and explained matters to his mother, and she advised her son to admit the applicant.

The man consequently came in, and as soon as the customary salutations were passed, the guest seemed occupied awhile in an examination of the faces about him, while the others were equally engaged in a study of his form and features. And he was a peculiar-looking man. He was a tall man, quite slim, but with large bones, and tendency to humpiness of the shoulders. But the most peculiar feature was his head. That was inordinately large—larger than any human head which Lucian had ever before seen. The hair was coarse and bushy, and the brow very heavy and dark. His face was made up of dark, heavy features; and altogether he was a person whom no stranger would ever select for a friend. And then his eyes had a strange glare, which seemed flickering and unsteady, and which always drooped before a steady gaze. Cæsar seemed to be the most interested in studying his features.

At length the conversation turned upon witchcraft, and the guest was sure not to commit himself until he had first learned the sentiments of the others upon the subject; but as soon as he found that they were opposed to the idea, and held the belief in witchcraft in contempt, he immediately went in for the same opinions. He professed to look with horror upon the execution of the poor creatures who had been doomed by fanaticism to death, and he fervently prayed that the mania might soon have an end.

"Your name is Willis, I believe?" he said, turning to the hostess, after the subject of witchcraft had been exhausted.

"It is, sir," returned the widow, gazing upon him inquisitively.

"And are your parents dead?"

"They are."

"And you and your brother live here alone, then?"

"Myself and son, sir."

"Your son, madam," returned Cross, in apparent astonishment. "But you do not mean that this man is your child?"

"Yes, sir—he is."

"Well—I should never have imagined that. Is your husband living?"

"No, sir. He died many years ago."

"And you have remained a widow ever since?"

"Yes, sir," answered the widow, but she answered rather reluctantly, and the questioner seemed to notice it, for he asked no more.

It had now got to be towards ten o'clock, and Lucian informed his guest that he would show him to his bed at any time when he was pleased to retire. The man took the hint, and said he would retire at once, and accordingly the youth took a lamp and conducted him to one of the small chambers, of which there were three in the house. This one was directly over the sitting-room. The guest was very friendly in bidding his youthful host good night, and Lucian in turn expressed the hope that his guest might enjoy a good night's rest.

"O, I always do," was the reply. "I'm none of your long dreamers. Good-night."

When the youth rejoined his mother they conversed awhile upon the appearance of their visitor. Of course neither of them liked him, though Lucian had no fear of any harm from him; but the widow felt not so easy.

"Well," said the youth, with a light, playful smile, "what have we to fear from him?"

"I don't know as we have anything to fear, Lucian, but I like not his looks."

"Neither do I like his looks, but this would be the last place to which I should think men would come for evil."

"Well—I don't know, Lucian; but he had such an evil look, and he eyed me so closely, and so meaningly. But of course I am not afraid. And yet—"

"Well, mother?"

"Never mind."

"But let me know of what you were thinking, mother?"

"It's of no consequence, my son."

"Ah, you were about to ask some favor. Were you not going to ask me to make up my bed here below?"

"Since you have guessed so near the truth, I will tell you: I did think of asking you to sleep upon the sofa, but I have thought better of it now. The fear has passed away. So you need think no more of what I have said. Good night, and God bless and keep you."

Lucian kissed his mother, and then took his lamp and went to his own chamber. His sleeping-room was one of the end ones, there being a narrow entry-way between it and the room in which the guest had been placed. Mrs. Willis occupied a small bed-room leading out from the dining-room, on the first floor, while Cæsar slept in a back room upon the same floor, the door of his room opening from the kitchen.

Mrs. Willis and her son went to bed to sleep, but not so Cæsar. The faithful negro went to his room, and lay down awhile upon his bed, but he did not remove his clothes, nor did he seem inclined to sleep. He took off his shoes, and that was all. He also examined the priming of his pistols, and put them both away in his capacious bosom. After all was quiet in the house he went and noiselessly closed the chamber door, and then fixed a little ash splinter in the catch of the latch so that the opening of the door would produce a slight snap, which he could easily hear from his room. This having been done he returned to his bed and sat down.

It was now near eleven o'clock; but Cæsar had not the least inclination to sleep. He sat there upon his bed, with the quilt thrown over his shoulders, and the clock struck twelve. He had his door slightly ajar, so that he could peep out into the kitchen without opening it any further. In about ten minutes after the stroke of midnight there came a sharp snap from the chamber-door, and Cæsar, as soon as he heard it, quickly lay back and drew the quilt up over his shoulders. He could hear the soft steps upon the floor, and in a moment more the door of his room was pushed open, and he knew by the height of the dark form that appeared in the doorway, that it was the guest. But the negro snored loud and clearly, and in a few moments the man drew the door softly to after him, and then went away.

Cæsar was quickly upon his feet, and having very carefully opened his door he peeped out. He could see the dark guest, and he saw, too, that the fellow had a small lantern in his hand, which only had a bright side to it—one of those small, flat affairs, which can be handily carried in the pocket without any inconvenience. The man was now at the dressers.

During the evening Mrs. Willis had ground her coffee—or rather pounded it in her mortar—and left it in a tea-cup all ready for morning. Cross had probably heard her, and knew well what she was doing. At all events, he found the cup containing the pounded coffee, and having satisfied himself that he had found the right thing, he took from his pocket something which Cæsar could not see, but which, from the sound produced in opening it, he judged to be paper. From this he poured something into the cup, and then set it (the cup) down and stirred the contents well up. This done he placed the cup back where he had found it, and then turned his attention to a bowl of flour which the hostess had also prepared for helping her in getting breakfast. Into the flour he also poured some, if not all, of the contents of the paper, and having mixed this well up, he pushed the bowl back to where he had found it, and then turned away from the dressers, and having gazed about for a few moments, as if to assure himself that all was safe, and that his movements had not been watched, he turned towards the chamber stairs. Ere long all was still and quiet in the house, and with a low murmur, in which some words not deemed evangelical might have been half uttered, Cæsar glided back to his bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a-half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches long.—*Olive Branch.*

A HORSE TRADE.

Mr. Havens resides in Brooklyn, and is a great admirer of horse-flesh. Recently he came to this city for the purpose of buying a gray mare belonging to our friend McCall. The gray mare is a very fine-looking quadruped, and also very fast. She can do a mile in 2.55, with two in a wagon. Havens heard of her merits last week, and resolved on a purchase. He took breakfast at Stanwix Hall, shortly after which he buttoned up his coat and started out to find McCall. He met him in Broadway, near the City Hotel. With "Mac" he had the following conversation:

"I understand, Mr. McCall, that you wish to sell that gray mare of yours?"

"I did want to sell her, but I imagine she is now disposed of."

"Disposed of? To whom?"

"To your friend Skerrett, of Brooklyn."

"What did he agree to give you?"

"Five hundred and thirty dollars."

"If you will let me have her, I will give you five hundred and fifty dollars cash down."

"But I've promised her to Skerrett."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Never mind that. If he should call, say she's dead—that I have her on the Troy Road, in consequence of which we had to blow her brains out."

"Will you back me up in the story?"

"Of course I will."

"It's a bargain, then. Give me the five hundred and fifty, and I'll send the mare down tomorrow night. But hadn't we better crop her mane and bob her tail, so that Skerrett cannot sue me for lying to him?"

"Just as you please—there's your money. Be sure to send her down on Tuesday night, on the Knickerbocker."

Mr. McCall promised to do so. Soon after which he folded up his five hundred and fifty, and walked away.

This was Monday morning. On Monday afternoon Mr. Skerrett made his appearance in town. He met McCall in State Street.

"Well, Mac, I've called to pay you for that mare."

"What mare?"

"The gray mare—the one you wrote me about last week."

"Haven't you heard about that?"

"About what?"

"About that gray mare—she is dead and buried."

"Dead—nonsense. You are fooling me."

"Not at all. If you doubt it, ask your neighbor Havens, who broke her leg on the Troy Road."

"Is Havens here?"

"Yes—you will find him at Stanwix Hall."

It is not necessary for us to say that Mr. Skerrett went to Stanwix Hall and saw Havens, neither is it necessary for us to say that Mr. Havens declared that the gray mare was dead, and that he killed her. He could not do otherwise, without losing "one of the best bargains he ever made."

Mr. Skerrett regretted the catastrophe, but concluded there was no use for crying over spilt milk. He shook hands with Havens and left, saying he would try and find a piece of speed in some other part of the city. Havens having quieted Skerrett, took the 4.45 train for New York, and arrived at Brooklyn a little after 10 on Monday evening.

McCall promised to send the mare down on Tuesday evening. He did not do anything of the kind. In consequence of this, Havens came up again on Wednesday to see "what it all meant." He found McCall at the new Steamboat Landing.

"Why didn't you send that mare down last night?"

"What mare?"

"Why, that gray mare I bought of you on Monday."

"On Monday?"

"Yes, on Monday,"

"You're mistaken. I sold you no mare on Monday, and for the best reason in the world, she was dead a week before."

"Dead! What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? And have you forgot that you broke her leg on the Troy Road, and that so badly that we had to blow her brains out?"

"You don't mean to swindle me by any such game, do you?"

"Swindle! not a bit of it. You killed the mare, and I can prove it."

"Who by?"

"Your own neighbor, Skerrett, of Brooklyn."

"And what does he know about it?"

"Just what you told him, and that is, that you killed the mare while trying her speed on the Troy Road."

Havens could hear no more, but rushed for the Police Office, where he swore out a warrant against McCall for swindling. It was issued by Justice Parsons. But as Mac proved by Skerrett that the complainant admitted that he killed the mare on the 5th of December, of course he could not have purchased her on Monday the 10th. Verdict for the defendant. Mr. Havens left for New York, on Wednesday night, in the Manhattan. He was accompanied by Skerrett. On going forward, after tea, he saw a gray mare that led to the following dialogue:

"Who's bob-tailed mare is that, Skerrett?"

"Mine."

"Possible—where did you get her?"

"Bought her from McCall. She is not quite as good-looking as the one I wanted, but I think she is full as speedy."

"What did you give?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Say no more—let's drink."

Skerrett obeyed orders and went in and took "a little something warm." Havens paid for it. As he did so, a bystander thought he uttered an imprecation about a certain swindling scoundrel in Albany. Wonder if he meant McCall. We will write to Brooklyn and find out.

Moral.—Never hire a man to lie, unless you wish to get cheated yourself.—*Police Tribune.*

HINT TO HORTICULTURISTS.

If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter but the earthly salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season's growth—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fell—he would, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests; it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. A wise horticulturist will diligently collect every week the leaves that fall under each tree, and, by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich that soil, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season.—*Horticulturist.*

A man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares to think himself equal to those undertakings, in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union

TO MARY—A VALENTINE.

BY ALVIN HOWES.

Come, lady, come, why longer roam
In such a state as this?
Why not away without delay,
To double-blessedness?
They tell us Joy without alloy
Reigns there almost divine!
Then come away without delay,
And be my Valentine!

I've watched for years, 'tween smiles and
Old Fortune's fickle wheel,
In hopes I would bring some treasured th
But nought it does reveal:
O shall it, say, be thus for aye?
Must I still watch and pine?
Nay, rather come and bless my home,
My gentle Valentine.

If 'twas designed for all mankind
To enter Hymen's vale,
'Tis strange to say that you and I
Are still without the pale;
And even I strive these thoughts away,
Nor ever call thee mine!
Nay, lady, nay; forbid, I pray,
My lovely Valentine.

Thine heart's a store which I prize more
Than diamonds rich and rare,
And to mine eyes thy mind's a prize
With which no gem can compare:
Then lady, say, must I away?
Will spurn this love of mine?
Nay, rather love and be beloved,
My gentle Valentine.

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THE GAME OF LOV

BY REBECCA OWENS.

In a shady, quiet grape-arbor sat
lady deeply absorbed in the fascinating
Byron's poems. The deepening flush
cheek, at his wild, daring strain, showed
passioned nature; and the dewy lig
softening eye, at his thrilling words o
showed that beneath a cold exterior le
woman's heart. Gay voices broke the
and two girls entered the far end of t
gathering grapes.

"Kate," said one of them, "did y
we had a genius in our midst?"

"No, indeed," was replied, laughi
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"It is true, nevertheless; he is th
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"Pooh! a clown!" said Kate.

"No, a genius, you most inveterat
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more, until Carolyn makes her appearan
know she would *look*, 'now don't tell m
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Our studious friend arose, and came
From her low seat they had not seen h

"Good evening, girls," said she,
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"O, I cannot," said Elsla, in confusio
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"Well," said Kate, as the trio seat
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much; for what can be said of a more
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"This can be said," said Carolyn, fl
brilliant eyes on the trifling speaker,
age of fifteen, a severe illness resulted
curable lameness. His livelihood depen
his own exertions. His lameness p
much physical exercise. He sought t
his mental abilities, and in this hour of
his superiority of intellect to some prac
pose; but he knew himself burdened b
name, and trammelled by the prejudic
friends against knowledge, of which t
ignorant, alone he must struggle, he nee
tives being elder brothers who were t
occupied with self to render him effec
Unaided by good advice from older
cheering words from loving hearts, he
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In hopes 'twould bring some treasured thing,
But nought it does reveal:
O shall it, say, be thus for aye?
Must I still watch and pine?
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If 'twas designed for all mankind
To enter Hymen's yoke,
'Tis strange to say that you and I
Are still without the pale;
And must I stray from thee away,
Nor ever call thee mine?
Nay, lady, nay; forbid, I pray,
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Thine heart's a store which I prize more
Than diamonds rich and rare,
And to mine eyes thy mind's a prize
With which nought can compare:
Then lady, say, must I away?
Wilt spurn this love of mine?
Nay, rather love and be beloved,
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THE GAME OF LOVE.

BY REBECCA OWENS.

In a shady, quiet grape-arbor sat a young lady deeply absorbed in the fascinating pages of Byron's poems. The deepening flush on her cheek, at his wild, daring strain, showed her impassioned nature; and the dewy light in her softening eye, at his thrilling words of feeling, showed that beneath a cold exterior beat a true woman's heart. Gay voices broke the silence, and two girls entered the far end of the arbor, gathering grapes.

"Kate," said one of them, "did you know we had a genius in our midst?"

"No, indeed," was replied, laughingly; "I never in thought, word or deed accused quiet, commonplace Linganon of harboring such an enormity."

"It is true, nevertheless; he is the young schoolmaster at—"

"Pooh! a clown!" said Kate.

"No, a genius, you most inveterate scoffer, for brother John told me so. I will tell you no more until Carolyn makes her appearance, for I know she would *look*, 'now don't tell me about a plebeian genius.'"

Our studious friend arose, and came forward. From her low seat they had not seen her.

"Good evening, girls," said she, with a stately air inseparable from her manner. "I must apologize for not joining you before. I was so interested that your voices did not at first reach me. Elsia, do me the pleasure of *sketching off* this genius, and see if I will sneer at the 'plebeian.'"

"O, I cannot," said Elsia, in confusion; "you know I was always afraid of you."

"Well," said Kate, as the trio seated themselves again, "I do not think we have lost much; for what can be said of a mere country schoolmaster?"

"This can be said," said Carolyn, fixing her brilliant eyes on the trifling speaker. "At the age of fifteen, a severe illness resulted in an incurable lameness. His livelihood depended upon his own exertions. His lameness prevented much physical exercise. He sought to fathom his mental abilities, and in this hour of need turn his superiority of intellect to some practical purpose; but he knew himself burdened by a low name, and trammelled by the prejudices of his friends against knowledge, of which they were ignorant, alone he must struggle, his nearest relatives being elder brothers who were too much occupied with self to render him effectual aid. Unaided by good advice from older heads, or cheering words from loving hearts, he resolved to make himself a name clear from the associating blemish of his ancestry—honored because reared by his own exertions. By close application, he attained the rank of teacher in his own neighborhood—an honor, for there he was best known. By rigid economy he saved, from a limited income, a sufficiency to enter college. In three years he graduated, returned and resumed his old school, to introduce that light to his native place that had from a feeble ray brightened to a steady blaze."

"I cannot see anything wonderful in all that," said Kate, with a light sneer. "Lame! Ugh! Elsia, is he handsome?"

"No, I think not," said Elsia, rousing herself from a reverie. "Brother John says he is not; he has heard him speak at their lyceum—says he has the finest eyes in the world—they make one forget everything but their language."

"O, girls, a lighter strain, I beg," said Kate; "I am in momentary dread of a review of his speeches and a critique of the most 'grandly beautiful.'"

"O, but I must tell something more. Brother John says this new star, Mr. Lacie, is taken captive by Carolyn's beauty. He almost raves about the perfection of her charms."

"I, too, cry a lighter strain, now," said Carolyn. "Mr. Lacie cannot have much dignity, to rave about a lady he does not know at all."

And the three girls entered the house.

Carolyn McCleur was an only daughter of Colonel McCleur, a haughty aristocrat, with barely an independence and the memory of former greatness to sustain his pride. His wife was just a softened facsimile of himself. Carolyn, now about eighteen, was a distinct and original character. She was most bewilderingly beautiful. She had lived a very secluded life. Her natural reserve had thus been fostered, until her cold, haughty manner kept every one at a distance. She was allowed to select her own reading matter from a fine library. In an evil hour she fell upon Byron's poems, and all other reading seemed tame after his burning pages. Nearly all her time was passed alone in the library. Her constant poetical reading brightened the strong romantic turn of her mind, until her naturally fine feelings became morbid in their intensity. She was the only object that Colonel McCleur honored with his regards. He was a cold, stern man, made but little demonstration of approbation when his daughter pleased him, and at the least offence, his manner hardened to icy coldness. Carolyn had a passionate, enthusiastic temperament. Hero worship was a striking characteristic of her reveries. Her friends, Kate Lanamer and Elsia Harwood, were friends rather from the force of circumstances than from any other cause. Kate was a heartless coquette, beautiful, wealthy and capricious. Elsia was a nice sort of a girl, quiet, gentle and affectionate.

Soon after Carolyn left school, her father took her to a church about three miles distant from their residence, in a plainer neighborhood than theirs. As they were returning, she said to her haughty sire:

"Pa, who was that dark-eyed gentleman who—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Colonel McCleur, "I had no acquaintances there, and do not think it desirable that you should have."

Thus silenced, Carolyn said no more; but that night as she, locked out of the window by her bedside, at the church, so white and ghost-like in the pale moonlight, at the stars, so coquettishly shining through the palmy branches of the alanthus trees, her mind roamed over the new subjects of thought that had been presented during the day. Then she lingered over those dark eyes, whose glance she had more than once encountered. Other things drove the subject out of her mind, until one day she was visiting a friend, who was teasing her about a peculiar kind of hat she wore.

"It must be very superb," said she, "for Mr. Lacie says it is, and says you are the most beautiful girl he ever saw."

Carolyn had so often heard her beauty lauded that compliments had no effect upon her, for, young as she was, she had many admirers. Often the blush with which she received flattery was shame that she was not valued for her mental attributes, instead of her accidental superiority of beauty. When she heard that the gentleman who had attracted her attention at church was the same one whose compliments were repeated by her injudicious friends, she listened more readily to them.

The evening after my story opens, she went up to her room too thoughtful to sleep. Looking out at the holy stars keeping their shining watch, she reviewed a subject that had lately claimed too many of her thoughts. Reason asserted her right to speak first, and silenced hero worship and romance by declaring that it was idle in the extreme to give so many thoughts to one whom her father never would consent even to her forming acquaintance with. Resolving to govern her truant fancies, she fell asleep.

Next day, she received an invitation from a distant friend to visit her. After an absence of two months, she returned.

"Carolyn," said her mother, "go up to see old Mrs. Reed. She has missed you sadly—she has had no one to read to her since you left."

Carolyn started, and met her father.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"To see Mrs. Reed."

"Very well," said he. "But Carolyn, I will have no improper acquaintances; be sure you make none."

She was much surprised, for Mrs. Reed was one of her father's favorites. Mrs. Reed welcomed her warmly, and they were deeply engaged in conversation when the door opened, and turning around, her eyes met Mr. Lacie's. Her father's words rushed into her mind. A cool introduction by the dignified Mrs. Reed recalled her self-possession. Her father soon called for her. As they walked home, he told her Mr. Lacie had applied for the school in sight of their residence, and that he had been accepted. He added a few words of encomium on his superior abilities, and explained his cool but polite invitation to Mr. Lacie to visit him, by saying, "as I am trustee, I consider myself bound to encourage the teacher." During the following month, Carolyn often saw Mr. Lacie, but always in Mrs. Reed's presence.

Dr. Lanamer, a good, benevolent man, who was always hunting up some new protege to patronize, about this time took Mr. Lacie into especial favor, and had him invited to a large party his daughter Kate gave. Carolyn arrived late; the first figure her eye rested on was Lacie's, standing conversing with several gentlemen. Never had Carolyn looked more beautiful, and leaving her surrounded by admirers, I will tell you about Harrie Lacie.

Circumstances which had surrounded him from boyhood had made him a skeptic and a stoic. Possessing a highly superior mind, he had spent years in storing it with useful knowledge, but had bestowed far too little attention on the cultivation of his heart. Not by feeling but by reason, he argued of all things. Any demonstration of feeling was denounced by him as sentimental nonsense. Carolyn was the first and only woman he had ever admired. Her glorious beauty first attracted him; every time he had seen her, the chain had been strengthened. The difficulties separating them only enhanced the value of the prize. He determined to attain it. This idea buoyed up his flagging hopes, and fired his feeble faith through years of endeavor, and now he was beginning to reap the fruits of his exertions. He was standing at her side, and yet far sundered; but he resolved every day to lessen the distance.

Dr. Lanamer brought him up and introduced him to his pretty, mischievous daughter. She was so charming, it was almost impossible to resist her witcheries. She kept Mr. Lacie by her side until she was called to the piano. Among her attractions she numbered an exquisite taste for music and a voice of unusual sweetness. Mr. Lacie was passionately fond of music, and hung spell-bound over the piano, while his glorious dark eyes expressed in glowing language his rapture. When the song ceased, he turned away and saw Carolyn standing alone by a distant table. He sought her side, and soon engaged her in a freer conversation than they had ever had before. They parted that evening; she, blinded by some dazzling lights in his character, forgot to look for the shades; he, giving his worship to the beautiful lady, distinguished for her social position and cultivated intellect; she, giving her young heart's homage at the shrine of hero worship; and he, knowing or caring nothing about the warm woman's heart—its affections and sympathies.

Since Mr. Lacie had been entertained by Dr. Lanamer, he was invited to all social gatherings. Generally, Kate engrossed his attention. Laughingly she would come up to him, entice him to the piano, and by her music waft his soul to Elysium. Often Carolyn thought she would gladly barter her rare beauty for the one gift denied her—that of song. Though her soul was filled with harmony, her lips were sealed.

Colonel McCleur and his wife went to visit a sister of the latter, who was ill at a distance. Carolyn was left with Mrs. Reed during their absence. Thus thrown every day in Mr. Lacie's company, the first love of both hearts was daily strengthened. One evening, when alone, Carolyn seated herself at the piano and awoke strain after strain of music. Most beautiful she looked—her pale Madonna face lighted up by intense feeling. Now, stormy surges of strong passion swept over the keys, then died away to plaintive sadness or in joyous ripples. She arose, as the darkness gathered around her, and went to the window, and started to find Mr. Lacie leaning against it. In silence, the two looked out on the star-bright night. Burning words of passion were trembling on his lips, when the entrance of Mrs. Reed and a servant bearing lights interrupted them. For several days, no other opportunity occurred for a continuance of the subject, and then her parents returned. Mrs. McCleur was ill, having contracted the same fever with which her sister had died. One short week, and she, too, slept in death. Her father, too, was brought to his death-bed by the same disease. Poor Carolyn was quite overcome by distress. In one short month made an orphan! In the midst of happiness, so dark a cloud to overshadow her and break in such a storm as left life a desert! Slowly her brain and heart awoke after the shock. Changed from the light-hearted girl to a saddened woman, she at length took her place in Dr. Lanamer's family circle. Her father had entrusted her to the doctor's guardianship, and she had accepted a home in his family.

Going down stairs one evening, she saw Mr. Lacie leaning entranced over the piano, fascinated by a melody Kate was warbling—a light, merry strain, with an under current of deep feeling. Though the song ceased and he came to her side, a deep wound was inflicted on Carolyn's morbid sensibilities. Had he been suffering in some way, she would have shown her sympathy. Always reserved, she kept this feeling preying on her heart and she grew more and more reserved.

"He shall not feel bound to me because once, perhaps more influenced by circumstances than feeling, he spoke some hurried words of love. If Kate can win him, his was not such love as I want." Thus Carolyn thought; not jealous, for she could not be jealous.

"I will lead Mr. Lacie off from Carolyn," thought coquettish Kate. "It will be such a triumph, to win a beau from the beauty of the State."

Carolyn allowed Kate every opportunity of attracting his attentions. When obliged to be in the room, she would retire to a distant table, and lean over a book so cold and quiet, no one would imagine the storm in her young breast. But so severe was the conflict, that often she would retire to her own room, throw herself on the bed, and pressing her hand on her throbbing temples and aching heart, was glad long so wildly for rest, even for the quiet of non-existence, instead of this harrowing doubt. Mr. Lacie knew Carolyn only as the woman of intellect and beauty. He was obliged to look up to her with a respect that did not in the least flatter his pride. She would only sympathize with him so far as he was good and exalted according to her elevated standard. When he fell below that, she would turn her magnificent eyes in silent wonder to his face, and he would hasten to erase that bad impression. This had at length become galling to him; he called her merely an intellectual woman.

With Kate, he could always be free. He had been lured on and on by her witchery, until her voice was the sweetest music he heard—her smile the brightest sunshine.

"She has a woman's loving heart," thought he. O blind and loved—there is a depth of feeling in Carolyn that Kate has not capacity to fathom nor you heart to appreciate.

Dr. Lanamer had offered Mr. Lacie his library; he was studying medicine with him. He became an inmate of the family, that he might devote more time to his study. As Kate entertained a great deal of company, Carolyn was necessarily thrown much in society. Several strangers, who came into the neighborhood about this time, formed the brightest male ornaments in that little galaxy of fashion. Colonel Lee, a widower of about thirty, and two other gentlemen of cultivated minds and prepossessing manners, made society pleasant even to Carolyn. Each day, Colonel Lee and Arthur Laurame might be seen bending over her. She was so different from other girls—so original, that they never wearied of the effort to lift the veil of reserve and see the rich treasures beneath. They partially succeeded; and as Mr. Lacie saw her engaged in animated, brilliant conversation—saw the countenance that had of late been so cold to him soften beneath these strangers' influence, smiles wreathe those proud lips, and the new language in her dark blue eyes, he said to himself:

"She cares not for me; she is all ice. I cannot melt down the barrier to our hearts' unison, if my strong will has overleaped the distance between our social positions."

Ah, Harrie Lacie, have you forgotten that even when you were trying to make yourself worthy Carolyn's acceptance, that all you worshipped was her glorious beauty—all you aspired to was a position at her side in society!—that from your lips she heard only sneers at sentiment, and the holiest feeling of the heart, love! In all thy burning tide of eloquence to which she has listened so often, spell bound, you spoke only of the future viewed through the lens of ambition, and her soul's hero worship bowed down before that ambition which in her ignorance she called godlike; that never but once thy voice softened, and falteringly you spoke of love. The subject interrupted, you never resumed it, and having made her cold to meet thy coldness, you find out that it is thy heart that wants a companion and thy intellect an admirer. You think you have found the treasure in Kate. O, Carolyn could be a companion for thy heart, for there is a well of undiscovered tenderness in her that would yield a never-failing fountain of delight! She could be an admirer of thy intellect, for she could follow its loftiest flights and appreciate their grandeur!

"Carolyn must have change of air; she is looking pale," said Dr. Lanamer. And she accompanied Kate to a watering-place.

But change of air did not bring back the roses to Carolyn's cheek. Several days after their return, as she was standing at a window, she saw Kate dash up on her spirited little pony. Mr. Lacie was just entering the yard; they had not before seen him. He sprang forward to assist Kate. She read the delight her presence gave one moment in his fine, expressive eyes; but a handsome young lieutenant rode at her side. With a slight bow, a careless "good morning," she passed by him. Carolyn saw the blood crimson his brow. A moment he stood irresolute; then drawing up his fine figure, he entered the house. She knew he had gone to the library, and without pausing to think, she sought him there. Her pride was forgotten. She only wished to soothe his angry feelings with a woman's delicacy—to divert his thoughts from Kate's mortifying treatment. She found him sitting with his head bowed down in his hands. She went up to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Mr. Lacie, you have not welcomed me home?"

"No," said he, rising haughtily; "I will not risk another rejection. I will make that heartless flirt feel my indifference, and then I am done with all the sex. I find them coldly intellectual, or skilled in duplicity; revelling in homage, or angling for hearts, counterfeiting that passion that fools and poets call divine." And turning, he opened a book.

Carolyn sought her chamber, and in spite of the cold, dead pain at her heart, began a review of her life. All her girlish romancing finally concentrated on one object. He, after a brief admiration, turned away chilled by a reserve she, unaided, had no power to break down.

Crossing her white arms on her heaving bosom, and lifting her eyes to the starlit sky—"Yes," said she, "let me die. This last effort to regain the object of her life-long love proves that I can never attain that prize. It would take a magician in heart mysteries to dispel the cloud that has so long shrouded my being; he could never do it. Reason is powerless, and he has not affection enough. We are too much alike. O, how I have loved him!

'The sunset of life gives me mystical lore.'

Could I be spared to smooth his life's rugged path, to take the thorn from his coveted crown of fame, to keep alive his flickering faith in human goodness, by such a faith in that love and friendship are not abstract ideas! O, how lonely! how lonely! wrapped in his sullen pride. Disdaining a brother's aid for fear of pity; turning from words of affectionate interest with a sneer; and analyzing friendly acts—saying so much is self-interest, so much is deceit, so much is mockery, so much is fawning! 'Neath the mask of haughty indifference he will hide a lonely, mournful heart—and I could! and bowing her head, she burst into tears.

A sharp pain stopped her sobs, another caught her breath; an hour later, Kate found her insensible on the bed. All that kind friends could do was done; but the fiat was passed. Carolyn the young, gifted and beautiful, must die! Mr. Lacie obtained permission to see her one evening. Her sad look at his harsh words still haunted him, and he wondered how she would look when he saw her again. She looked so white and motionless—so like a corpse, that he involuntarily knelt at her side.

"Do you, too, think it a mysterious providence that I, so young, must die?" said she, fixing her brilliant eyes on his face. "Two keen sorrows I have known—a third would wreck my faith in Heaven!"

"I have thought you so cold, that sorrow did not reach your heart," said Harrie, involuntarily speaking his thoughts.

A spasm crossed her face; then calmly she said:

"You have not known me. A secret hope brightened years of my life. When it seemed almost realized, my first great trouble came—the death of my parents. I loved with devoted earnestness one whom I believed loved me. This hope blunted every pang, but soon tint after tint faded from my rainbow of promise, and I knew amid the darkness of a premature night that my love had been squandered on one who knew not its value, and closed his eyes to its existance. I sought not to overcome this passion. I knew the struggle would be useless. You used to say that homage, admiration would satisfy my heart. It never chained mine; it hungered after the mania of appreciating love. The gift was denied, and wearily it closes its eyes in death."

"I have not known you," said Harrie. "When I worshipped your beauty, was awed by your mind, I forgot your heart."

She told him of her education, of her uncomplaining reserve—slowly, for weakness clung leech like to her speech. In that short hour they knew each other better than in years of health. Each day he sat at her side, and loved—O, so passionately! that pale form sinking so rapidly. He would gaze upon her spiritual face until he muttered against fate, and wildly swore by his deathless love she should not die! Ah, raver! cast thyself at her feet! Pour out thy anguish in burning words—words that once she would have bartered years of happiness for; and though your face grows gray with agony, as she tells you how much and how long she has loved you, that your love was the great good withheld that has snapped her heart strings—though the big sobs choke you, as she tells of her soul's adoration for you when she lies cold in the grave, yet you cannot keep her here! "She was too finely formed to bear the brunt more earthly creatures bear."

"Be my wife, Carolyn," said Harrie, "even for the short time you stay."

And in her death-chamber she gave him her hand—ay, and her life, for ere the sunset he was wiping the death-dew from her brow.

"Come and see me in my lowly bed," said she, drawing his head close to her, "and try to think it is best so—for it is, Harrie, it is. Don't forget to pray, Harrie."

He turned away, for in heaven he could see no God because no mercy. When all had left her lying cold in her white shroud, he came in to see her. O, could it be! she so lately loved in life, now cold in death! He cursed his life, now so desolate—his continued being, now so aimless.

Weeks after, when at sunset he stood at her grave, the thought came, if there was no heaven, no God, where was his wife, that spirit so free from earth taint—so strong in love! And as wave after wave of feeling rolled over his soul, the darkness cleared away, and kneeling at her side, vowed by divine assistance to meet her spirit in heaven!

At thirty five, when he was laid at rest by his wife's side, the grief of many showed his was a great loss. His dying words attested that he had been faithful to his vow.

EATING HORSE-MEAT.

There is a professor in Berlin who has been a hippophagist for the last ten years. About two months ago, he woke up his wife in the middle of the night by neighing loudly. The wife expressed her surprise, and the surprise made the professor laugh; but such a laugh, it was a decided horse-laugh, that elicited a response from all the horses on a neighboring cab-stand! In the afternoon, his wife had the greatest difficulty in getting him past a seed-shop, where a quantity of oats in the window was spread out for sale. Soon afterwards his hair (which is of a rich auburn) began to grow to a tremendous length, and to assume more and more the shape of a mane. His face, too, became covered with hair, and he gave great amusement to the little boys of Berlin by appearing one day in the streets with a pair of blinkers.

Various other changes gradually came over him. He would start as if frightened at the crack of a whip—the scream of a railway whistle would set him off galloping at full speed—whilst the sound of a trumpet would make him prick up his ears and distend his nostils in a most equine manner. It was noticed, also, that his ears of late had grown considerably longer, pointing upwards to some height above his head. One night he was missed, and after considerable search, he was found stretched at full length upon the straw in the stable. When his poor wife approached him, he began rearing and plunging in such a violent manner that it was only by putting on the leaping-strap that he could be kept in the least still. Other curious symptoms soon declared themselves. He could not be induced to keep on his boots; and as it was found very uncomfortable to allow him to run about the drawing-room barefooted, he was removed, and permitted to indulge in his eccentricities only out of the house. He would spend whole afternoons in the different stable yards; his favorite associates were ostlers and omnibus conductors; his favorite haunts the offices of the *réfangeurs* and the most fashionable beer-houses. Nothing pleased him so much as to sleep in a stall.

After awhile, his feet began to harden, and it was observed that a hard substance, not unlike a horse's hoof, was forming over them. The same peculiarity became soon observable on his hands. From this time forth he refused to walk upright; and one frosty morning he was found on all fours outside a farrier's shop, stretching out one of his feet, as if he were anxious to be shod. Since that period, he has been put under the care of a veterinary surgeon, who gives but faint hopes of his recovery. "His face (he observes in a memoir written on the subject) is growing longer every month. The nose has fallen into a straight line with the forehead—the nostrils have expanded to an inordinate size, and the mouth has stretched itself to more than three times its former width. There is but little doubt that in time all trace of the 'human face divine' will be completely obliterated, and that the melancholy patient will be walking about a pitiable object with a veritable horse's head on his shoulders! At present, his only delight is having a bit put into his mouth."

Whether the transformation will proceed further, it is impossible to say. One fact, however, is pretty certain—for all the many learned physiologists of Berlin are unanimous upon the point—that this singular absorption of the man in the animal is entirely owing to the practice, preserved in for so many years, of eating nothing but horse's flesh. The professor has been a *hippophage* to that extent, that at last he has all but become a horse himself! The phenomenon has created the greatest sensation in all the equestrian circles of the Prussian capital. Herefords, in consequence, has fallen but 50 per cent.—*Punch's Berlin Correspondent.*

EARTH AND ARSENIC AS FOOD.—The mountain dour of Finland and Sweden is a fine flint earth, dried and mixed with lime, and eaters, as a matter of taste rather than necessity, into their bread; so that hundreds of wagon loads may be seen conveying this strange food from country to country. The strangest of all mineral food, however, is probably arsenic, the well known poison. In Upper Austria, the miners and peasants, old and young, strew arsenic like salt on their bread, and eat it without injury, to preserve a youthful and blooming appearance.—*London Globe.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I'M SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY LIZZIE RAY.

O, ask me not to join the ring.
From whence those joyous notes arise,
A merry song I hear them sing,
But ah! my heart responds in sighs,
The starting tear bedims mine eye,
I'm sad to-night— please pass me by.

Nay, tell me not that "friendship's beams"
Now brightly gild the closing day,
My heart is with its early dreams,
I cannot call it thence away.
'Tis listening now to other lays,
'Tis living over by-gone days.

Nor tell me yet, that "lays of love"
Will sow your joyous notes prolong,
Too deeply they my spirit move,
I cannot join you in the song.
For O, I've heard those same sweet lays
From other friends, in by-gone days.

Where are they now, those friends so dear,
So fondly loved in earlier days?
Alas! not one is now here!
Then ask me not to join your lays—
I cannot quell the rising sigh,
I'm sad to-night—O pass me by.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

CAPTAIN GASPARD FENWICK came home in the ship "Our Lady." He was a good seaman, and an expert navigator; but he was a man of deep, bitter passions, who knew no feeling but revenge in connection with any injury, real or supposed. Luke Leeman had come home in the "Our Lady" in the capacity of first mate. He was a mild, generous man, and the sailors loved him well. Fenwick was not long in discovering that the men obeyed his mate more cheerfully than they did himself, and that what they did for him doggedly and sullenly, they would do for Leeman cheerfully and gladly. He professed to imagine that his mate had been poisoning the minds of the crew against him, and thus he allowed himself to cherish a feeling of bitter hatred against the unoffending mate. And then Leeman's very mildness gave him cause for ill feeling, for he could never get him into a brawl, nor manage to make him degrade himself before the men. In his wrath, the captain had ordered his mate to flog one of the men, but this Leeman flatly refused to do, and from that moment Fenwick hated him.

Towards the end of the voyage Fenwick contrived, after repeated trials, to get Leeman provoked, and a quarrel ensued, which resulted in a direct challenge from the captain. The whole crew had been spectators of the scene, and Leeman accepted the warlike proposal. On the very next day after landing at the wharf, the captain and his mate went over beyond Flushing, Long Island, taking two of the crew with them as seconds for Leeman, while the second and third mates went with Fenwick. At the first fire, Leeman fell. His adversary's ball had struck him in the forehead.

"He's dead!" uttered Sam Nutter, an old foretopman, who had gone out. "Your bullet's gone right through his head, sir!"

Captain Fenwick gazed for a moment upon the fallen man, and then started off in company with his mates, leaving the two seamen to take care of the body.

In the course of a month, the ship was ready to sail again, and the same crew were engaged as before. Fenwick had supposed that most of the men would have refused to sail with him again; but they consented at once to ship, and only one man was added. John Savage was appointed first mate—he had been second mate before—and Miles Brown, who had been third mate, was elevated to the next higher office.

Captain Fenwick was more harsh and cruel than ever. He had no one now to thwart him in his vengeance, and he gave full scope to his feelings. But his actions were not all natural. He seemed to be haunted by a spectre, for he was often seen to shudder when standing all alone and thinking, and it was soon evident that he vented his spleen upon his men for the purpose of keeping his mind from this dark pondering upon the past. At all events, he was now savage and cross, and he did really seem to long for occasion to punish his crew.

One night, after Fenwick had been more than usually ugly on deck, he descended to his cabin and turned in. He was alone, for his mates were on deck. He was more than usually depressed, and for a long while he lay uneasy in his berth. At length there came a deep, heavy groan to his ears. He started up, and with a pale, frightened look, he gazed about him. He was a coward, morally and spiritually; and, like most of his class and station, very superstitious. He could see nothing, and soon lay down again; but hardly had his head touched the pillow, when the groan was repeated louder than before. Again he started up, and this time he heard a voice. It said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The words were spoken so deeply that they seemed to come from the very waters beneath the ship. The captain hastened from his bunk, and having put on his pea-jacket and hat, he went on deck, where the cool night breeze struck gratefully upon his hot brow.

"Captain," said Savage, as the former came up, "the men swear the ship is haunted."

"What?" uttered Fenwick, starting with a fearful shudder.

"They say the old ship is haunted—that they hear deep, unearthly groans at night, and other strange sounds."

"Nonsense!" whispered the captain, turning away. "Let me hear 'em blabbing such stuff, and I'll—see!"

When Mr. Brown, the second mate, went below, the captain followed him, and during the rest of the night the only voices he heard were in his own bosom.

Two nights after this, when Fenwick and Savage were in their bunks, the dreadful groans were heard again. They were deep and solemn, and very plain. The captain started up and spoke to Savage.

"*Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!*"

So spoke the voice again.

"Savage! Savage! Hallo, there!"

"What is it?" asked the mate, opening his eyes, and raising himself upon his elbow.

"Did you hear that voice?" asked the captain, nervously.

"No; what—"

Here the mate stopped, for the deep groans were repeated.

"Hark!"

"*This ship is your tomb!*"

"By the powers, Fenwick, that is Leeman's voice!" gasped the mate.

"But Leeman's dead and buried," whispered the captain.

"I know he is—but—"

"It may be his spirit, you mean."

"Yes."

They listened awhile longer, but as nothing more was heard, they lay down again.

On the following morning, Mr. Savage took the responsibility of having the ship scarbed fore and aft, and below and aloft. But nothing could be found. The hatches were thrown off, and all the loose cargo overhauled; but without effect.

From that time forward, the strange sounds were heard almost every night. Fenwick began to grow pale and haggard. "*This ship is your tomb!*" rang in his ears continually, and often was it repeated to him from that dreadful presence that hung about him. He was struck with a mortal fear, and he could not hide it.

The ship had entered the Mediterranean, on her way to Smyrna, when, one stormy night, Captain Fenwick was again in his cabin alone. He was not well, and he had retired to his bunk at an early hour. The door of his state-room was left open, so that he could look out into the cabin. He had been trying to sleep, and had his eyes closed, when that deep groan sounded close by him. He opened his eyes, and a low, quick cry of horror burst from his lips. There—standing in the light of the hanging-lamp—was the form of Luke Leeman! It was arrayed in a white winding-sheet, and looked pale and deathly. Near the centre of the forehead was a dark, livid spot, from which the blood seemed to be oozing. Slowly the form raised its finger to that dark death spot, and in a hollow, sepulchral voice, said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The terrified captain clapped his hands upon his eyes and cried out in terror.

"What is it?" asked Savage, who came rushing down.

"See! See!"

"Where?"

"Has it gone?" whispered the captain, starting up and looking around.

"But what was it?" asked the mate.

"Leeman!"

"What of him?"

"He came here—here at my door—he showed me the death-mark upon his forehead—he spoke! O, Savage, did you not see him?"

"No. I came down as soon as you cried out, but I saw nothing. It must have been some freak of your imagination."

"No, no, Savage. I saw him as plainly as I now see you."

"But I tell you he's dead and buried."

"And yet he was here—as you are here now."

Savage himself began to grow timid and doubtful.

"By my soul, Fenwick," he uttered, earnestly, "I've often wished that I had had nothing to do with that man's death. *I* see him, sometimes, just as he laid there, dead, on the grass."

"Don't speak of him," gasped the captain.

"But stop. You say *you* have seen him?"

"Only in my thoughts."

"Then you have not seen him as I have seen him."

After this, the captain tried once more to sleep, but the "sweet restorer" came not to him, save in uneasy, hurried visits, that rested him not. On every night those groans were repeated, and once more Mr. Savage had the ship searched all through, but without finding the least trace of anything unusual. The men were in the habit of gathering in knots now, and conversing in low tones upon the subject.

"Savage," said the captain one day, as the two stood together upon the quarter-deck, "it appears to me that the men take this thing easy. I always supposed that common seamen were much worked upon by these haunted ships."

"So they are, generally," returned the mate; "but there is something curious connected with this. I am confident that this spirit, or ghost—or whatever it is—gives good cheer to the men. Nutter and Banks both say he has appeared to them, and that he assured them he meant them well. You remember they were his seconds."

At this moment, Nutter came towards the quarter-deck, and the captain called to him.

"Nutter," he asked, trembling, "have you seen Luke Leeman?"

"I don't know what it was, sir," returned the man, shuddering. "But something appeared to me on the forecastle last Friday night. It looked like Leeman. It was wound all up in a white sheet, and had a blood-spot on his forehead."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nutter; but he spoke reluctantly.

"What did he say?"

It was some time before the man would answer this question. He said he would rather not tell.

"But I command you."

"If I was sure you wouldn't be angry with me, sir. O, I dare not tell a lie about it, for he looked so terrible all the while he spoke."

The captain promised that he would not be offended, and then Nutter answered:

"Well, sir, I was standing by the lee cathead, looking into the water, when I heard my name spoken by some one behind me. I turned, and saw the spirit. It was dark—very dark—but I could see him plainly, for he seemed to be kind o' light of himself—just like the glistening of the foam as it dashes out from our bows. I should have run, but he stopped me by telling me he was not to harm me. Then he laid his finger on the red spot of his forehead, and he said: 'Nutter, I am your friend; but he who did this, shall find his tomb in this ship!' And with those words, sir, he disappeared. He seemed to vanish into the air."

Fenwick asked no more questions; and from that time he began to grow more pale and thin than before. He trembled when he was on deck, and his very looks showed that he enjoyed but little sleep. Savage and Brown did all they could for the comfort of the crew, and they were often heard to express the deepest regret for the part they had acted against Leeman. They remembered how generous and kind he had always been, and how often he discommoded himself for their good. But they had not only been anxious to retain the favor of Captain Fenwick, but they feared him, too; and they had said as much to the men.

At length the ship entered the harbor of Smyrna, and there cast anchor. Fenwick at once proceeded to pack up his goods, and on the second day after having obtained pratique, he took himself and his effects on shore.

"Mr. Savage," he said, "I cannot stay in that ship another day. I'll make that ghost a lying one, at all events. We'll see whether the hulk of the 'Our Lady' is to be *my tomb*."

The mates tried to persuade him to remain, but he would not. He assured them that not all the money in the world would tempt him to return in the ship. And upon second thoughts, they did not wonder, for he was wasted almost to a skeleton now, and at that rate, he could not surely live during the return voyage. He begged of them not to tell the truth, when they returned to the States, but to say that he was very sick, and had to go on shore. On the very next day, an English ship left for Gibraltar, and Fenwick obtained passage in her.

On the evening after the Englishman sailed, the crew of the "Our Lady" were all assembled on the quarter-deck, where a consultation was being held on the subject of the command. Savage did not feel competent to take the responsibility, for he had obtained his present berth more from Fenwick's exertions than from any capability on his part. They were thus conversing, when they were startled by seeing a dark object approaching from the forecastle. It was a man, and habited in a seaman's garb.

"*The ghost!*" gasped Savage, in terror.

"'Tis Luke Leeman!" uttered Brown, equally terrified.

"Hold, shipmates," spoke the presence, in familiar tones. "Be not alarmed, for Luke Leeman means you no harm. I am no ghost—nor am I a spirit, save such an one as may rightfully walk about on earth."

Savage and Brown were soon assured that Luke Leeman, *in propria persona*, did stand before them, and then they caught him by the hand. They thanked God that they could now wash their hands of his death; and then they asked to know what the wonderful circumstance meant.

"I can tell you all about it in a very few words," returned Leeman, after a dozen questions upon the subject had been asked him in quick succession. "You all know how long Fenwick had hated me because of his jealousy, and I knew, as you must know, that he longed to take my life. On that day when we went out to fight, I did not fire at him, for I would not send such a man, in such a shape, to his God. His ball struck me in the brow, but not fair. I stood side to him, and the bullet struck at an angle so obtuse that it glanced off. Of course, it stunned me; and when I came to myself, I found Nutter and Banks kneeling by my side. They told me that Fenwick believed me dead, thinking the ball had entered my skull. I was taken to a cottage near by, where I soon recovered. Yet I think my mind was not wholly strong. It was in a morbid state, or I should not have done as I did. However, I resolved to punish Fenwick, for he had been worse than a brute, and I wished to touch the only feeling he possessed that held any connection with his soul—and that was, his superstition. And more than this: I believed I could save the crew from much evil at his hands. I communicated my plan to Nutter and Banks, and they urged me to it at once. They conferred with the men, and all swore the most implicit secrecy. So when the officers were away from the ship, the men worked upon a secret hiding-place beneath the after cot on the starboard side of the forecastle, where they conveyed bedding for my use. A secret passage was also opened to the hold, and in loading the ship, they were careful to place the bales and boxes so that I could easily make my way aft to the cabin bulkhead. Thus I could enter the cabin when I pleased, and also make my escape as readily as necessary, for one of the bulkhead panels had been removed and fixed so that I could slide it, and so that I could also fasten it on the inside. The men have fed me regularly. After I had entirely recovered from the effects of the wound, I would have made myself known, but I had gone so far then, that I resolved to carry it through. You have seen the result."

No one blamed Luke Leeman. At the urgent solicitation of the mates and the men, he took command of the ship, and from that time all went well; and for five years, Leeman commanded that same ship.

Fenwick never saw Leeman again, but he learned of the deception that had been practised upon him, and it only served to aggravate the disease of mind that already preyed upon him. He became more savage and ugly than before, and once more got command of a ship, and on the return voyage he was lost overboard in a gale of wind. Some people wondered if other agencies than the wind might not have had a hand in this, but no regular inquiry was ever instituted.

Why are the Irish people like the French? Because one is possessed of all jokes, and the other *all jeers* (Algiers).

A STORY OF BADEN-BADEN.

A noble Hungarian lord, Count Christian W——, had come to pass the season at Baden, accompanied by his daughter Helen. Young, charming, and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kinds were not wanting, rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was the queen, and where the agonies extended for her hand by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage, ten cavaliers were in the saddle caracoling around her *calèche*. At the ball, the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They had neither cares, attentions nor sighs but for her, whereat many beautiful women, French, English and Russian, were particularly mortified. Amongst these pressing suitors, Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaeton M—— was, it is true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes and long black wavy hair; in the place of true passion, he had eloquence of look and word; in short, he dressed with taste, danced marvellously, and sung like Rubini. But unhappily, these advantages were contested by great vices. A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaeton had gained Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The count, after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection.

Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers, nor the orders of her father. The man for whom he endeavored to destroy her esteem was already master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedents of the young Italian. If Gaeton had had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the happy husband of the young countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so fraternally in love. But the count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth, and all the rude firmness of an indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors du combat* this carpet knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hands a letter which Gaeton had written to Helen. The chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed in direct terms to the young countess an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting at the hour when the count was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, at the Conversation House. A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

"Put this flower in your belt," said the count to her, offering a rose, "and come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk, they met Gaeton, who seeing the rose, was overjoyed.

Then the count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden, on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour, Gaeton arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and, finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father, armed with a brace of pistols. The count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaeton, trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into it. I could treat you as a felon—nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaeton, almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you, then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But to take your life, I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm—a duel would have long ago rid me of you. To avoid scandal, I did not wish a duel; and now I will slay you at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden—not in a few days, not to-morrow, but this very instant! You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come in the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me. Understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary; take them."

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An imperious gesture overcame the false modesty which the chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who only declines for form's sake.

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock, then."

"What! you wish me to—"

"Break the lock, or I'll blow your brains out." The pistol was again presented as an argument which admitted no reply.

Gaeton obeyed.

"It is well!" said the count. "Take that package of banknotes; they are yours. Have you a pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What?"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But—"

"But, sir, I mean to have here all the evidence of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber, or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest, make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow noon. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaeton was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.—*Democratic Magazine.*

A QUAINT SIMILE.—We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began stroking the shell of the turtle. "Why are you doing that, Mary?" said her father. "O, to please the turtle." "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's Church, to please the ministers."—*Sydney Smith.*

A FEMALE JOCKEY.

The attention attracted by the equestrian matches, which have recently become a feature at our country fairs, will perhaps impart some interest to the account we are about to give of the appearance of a lady in a similar trial of speed, half a century since, on an English racecourse. It was very minutely recorded in the sporting journals of the time.

In 1804, the lady of Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, England, who was famed alike for her beauty and fine horsemanship, became the owner of a valuable horse, of the best blood, called Zingarilla. Conversing one day with Mr. Flint, her brother-in-law, about the merits of certain of their horses, the gentleman happened to say something to the disparagement of Zingarilla as a courser, upon which Mrs. Thornton challenged him to a trial of speed for a considerable wager. The race-course at Knavesmire was selected by the parties; and when the day appointed for this novel contest arrived, a larger concourse of people of all classes assembled on the grounds than had ever before been witnessed in the county. The contestants made their appearance punctually at the designated hour. Mr. Flint wore a Derby cap and tight jacket and breeches, all of white linen. Mrs. Thornton's costume, as described by herself (with a liberality of capital letters not unusual in her day), consisted of "a Leopard-colored skirt, buff Waistcoat, with plain gilt buttons, blue cloth Turkish Jacket, and blue Derby Cap."

The race took place at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is doubtful whether or not there were one hundred persons in the assembly who sympathized with Mr. Flint. The crowd were almost unanimous in their wishes for the lady's success, and so sanguine were her friends of the result, that they offered to bet largely on Zingarilla, but no one was willing to take these bets even at large odds. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Thornton was beaten. So severe was the disappointment of the people, and so great their indignation at Mr. Flint's want of gallantry in beating his fair competitor, that the safety of that gentleman from personal violence was owing to the presence of a body of the military.—*New York Times.*

KENTUCKY RIFLEMEN.

The renown which Kentucky riflemen have obtained for precision and skill in handling the rifle, has become world-wide, and excited the attention and wonder of the warriors of other nations. In battle, they have stood as cool and collected—although the first time in action—as the oldest veterans of Europe, pouring in their deadly fire with unerring aim.

"I shot that officer!" exclaimed a rifleman, as he saw an officer fall at New Orleans.

"No, no—I shot him," said his comrade at his side.

"If I shot him, I shot him in the right eye."

"And I shot him in the left eye," was the response.

After the battle, it was found that this officer had been shot in both eyes. This unerring precision can only be obtained by long practice and thorough drilling.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

News Glances.

TREES FROM SEED.—An ornamental tree, grown from seed, may be made anything the cultivator wishes it. A fruit tree grown by seed is most likely to be healthy, and may prove a superior and valuable variety. A pine seed will make boards in twelve years. Apple seeds will make fruit-bearing trees in four years. Grapes, in eight or ten years.

HONORABLE.—Hon. David Sears, who resides in Newport during the summer months, has given $5000, to be held in trust by a committee appointed by the city council of Newport, the interest annually accruing to be appropriated in certain proportions to the embellishment of the city of Newport, and to charitable purposes.

A BEQUEST.—A Dr. Cornwell, formerly of Greene County, Ill., died recently in Petersburg, and left a will devising some $10,000 worth of real estate so that the income of it shall purchase books on physiology, especially Graham's and Dr. Alcott's, for distribution in the common schools of Greene County, Ill.

COCHITUATE WATER WORKS.—We learn that the present financial condition of the water works in this city is most encouraging, and that it is expected that during the coming year, the receipts will be nearly enough to pay interest on loan, and current expenses.

MODERATION.—The man who understands how to choose and how to deny himself, requires only a library with few books, a medicine-chest with few nostrums, a table with few dishes, and the company of a very few friends.

A RICH LUMP.—The New York Mirror has seen a solid hemisphere of pure gold, taken from the Columbia mines, Ga., the result of three days' work. The value of the lump is $1300.

VERY MUCH ALIKE.—There is a strong resemblance between a "professional" politician and a finger-post. Both point to the road they never go themselves.

TO MAKE PRIME VINEGAR.—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rain water and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

SINGULAR.—They catch trout and pickerel now in Canada, freeze them into blocks of ice, and restore them to life by warm water at any future place or time.

AN IDEA.—A Yankee, describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—*add him up and there's nothing to carry!*"

AN IRISH GUIDE.—A veracious traveller records the following inscription on an Irish signboard. "Road to Londonderry. Those who can't read may go straight ahead."

WESTERN NAVIGATION.—The number of steamers on the Western waters is 824, valued at $20,000,000. The tonnage is 204,341.

HONOR TO DR. KANE.—The New York Assembly proposes to bestow a gold medal upon the great Arctic navigator and discoverer.

BUT ONE GENTLEMAN.—In Mr. Poole's sketches of the present Legislature, he returns only *one gentleman* among the lot.

IN BAD TASTE.—The most prominent voice we heard at the opera, lately, was that of the prompter!

GOOD.—"I get my living," said the man who kept scales, "by more weighs than one."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RAILROAD MATTERS.

There has been quite a fluttering among the Volscians in Corioli, lately—the railroad corporations,—and important changes have been talked of, or commenced, in the management of the roads radiating from Boston. Corporation meetings have been held, speeches have been made, reports have been read, investigating committees appointed, and if the whole philosophy of the railroad system be not eliminated, it will be for no want of industry and labor. All these things are viewed with intense interest by the people who habitually ride on railroads—especially suburbans doing business in Boston. These gentlemen regret to learn that they have been imposing on the corporations for a series of years, and that the fares they have paid haven't paid their way, and that they must submit to a heavy advance. People who have bought, or who hire, houses out of town, because—thanks to the railroads—it was *so* cheap to live in the country, are aghast. A man who purchases for himself and family three season tickets per annum, and pays therefor one hundred and eighty dollars, to ride seven miles and back each day, when he hears that a railroad cannot continue to carry him at that rate, is very apt to conclude that he cannot afford to pay any more, and concludes that, considering the inconvenience of living away from his business, the decrease of accommodations on the railroads, the frequent delays incidental to winter travel, etc., it will be quite as cheap for him to go back to the city. The change can very well be made by those who merely hire houses out of town; but those who have bought houses and land, relying on good accommodations and cheap transportation, are in a fix. They cannot sell without a costly sacrifice; for who will buy under the new order of things?

Perhaps it is because this class of persons cannot help themselves, that high fares are established; but this class of persons bears a very small proportion to those who hire houses or board out of town on the lines of railroad. We suppose it is all right—according to the philosophy of optimism,—yet it strikes us that low fares for short distances would pay better in the end than high fares. Some of the English railroads find it their best policy even to give away season tickets, for seven years, to persons who will buy and build on their roads. We can hardly suspect the English corporations of a design to get a large number of landholders located on their lines, and then suddenly to discover that they must raise the fares fifty per cent.

What the public would like to know is, the history of the various railroad charters—the pledges made to legislators by their projectors to secure them,—and to see whether the promises of public benefit held out to balance the privileges asked for and the monopolies granted, have been faithfully fulfilled. We are perfectly well aware that much statistical information is needed, that railroad-making has been a mania, that the grossest miscalculations have been made all round, and that the true philosophy of railroad management is not yet understood. But we are pretty well convinced that, in the long run, *low fares for short distances*, on trunk roads, would pay better than high fares.

MODERN GREEKS.—The Albanian dress is all the go among the modern Greeks. And a handsome dress it is; and a gay and picturesque sight do the streets of Golus, Hermes and Minerva present an hour before sunset as the fashionable mustached exquisites of Athens saunter along in their scarlet caps, with blue tassels, embroidered tunics, many-folded, short, white petticoats, or fustanello, with silk sashes and long decorated gaiters."

HON. WM. AIKEN.—This gentleman, a member of the United States House of Representatives, and a prominent candidate for the speakership in the late protracted contest, is worth between two and three millions. He is a native of South Carolina. His father came to this country, a poor Irish lad, without a penny in his pocket, and amassed a large fortune by his industry and ability.

STEAM SUGAR MILL.—The Colonization Journal states that the boilers, machinery, etc., for a steam sugar mill in Liberia, have been embarked. This is expected to test the question, whether the labor and lands of Liberia can be profitably employed in the production of sugar.

NEW HOTEL.—The St. Germain Hotel, at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York, is quite a feature added to the Paris of the New World. It is six stories high, and of striking architecture.

LOCKED IN.—Two young ladies of Philadelphia were lately accidentally locked into a church by a sexton, and had to make their escape by jumping from a window, and scaling a fence.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.—Washington's birthday was almost universally celebrated this year in this country. It ought, indeed, to be a national holiday.

NICARAGUA.—Col. Weller, it is said, intends to drive away Col. Kinney from the Isthmus of Darien. "*Kin he?*"

UNFATHOMED GREATNESS.

It is an error to suppose that true greatness of mind and character is always, sooner or later, recognized by the world. Unpublished greatnesses doubtless exist and go down to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The "man in the iron mask" may have been as well fitted to adorn the throne of France as his persecutor, Louis XIV. It is related that on the eve of one of Napoleon's battles, when his troops were defiling before him, a dragoon rode out of the ranks, and saluting the emperor, detailed a plan of operations which he said would render the victory sure. Napoleon sternly ordered him back to the ranks, but he confessed afterwards that the plan suggested by the soldier was identical with his own, and indicated the possession of the finest military talent on the part of its originator. He caused the man to be sought after, in order to promote him; but the dragoon was past promotion—he lay upon the field of battle with a bullet in his brain.

It is the privilege of recognized greatness to discover and bring forward the genius that blushes unseen, and which the petty jealousy of mock greatness would leave to wither in obscurity. At the battle of Prague, in which General Daun forced the king of Prussia to raise the siege of that place, Frederick's right wing was thrown into a state of such confusion on the retreat, that he was forced to ride upon the spur to re-organize it. His horse fell by the side of a wounded soldier, who perceiving the king, said to him: "Sire, if you do not plant two or three pieces of cannon on this height, and an ambuscade in the defile below, your wing is lost." As the soldier spoke, he pointed out the places he alluded to, which the king had not thought of. He now considered them attentively, and, after having remained silent for a few minutes, took a ring of trifling value from his finger, gave it to the soldier, with the remark, "If you get well, bring me this ring yourself," galloped off, gave his orders in pursuance of the soldier's suggestion, and thus saved his wing.

One month afterwards, the soldier, sufficiently recovered to walk, found the king, and presented his ring. In return he received a captain's commission. At Rosbach, his good conduct secured him the rank of major, and finally he rose to that of major-general. His name was Peter Schreuzer. This was a case of ability being discovered by a fortunate chance. But for the fall of Old Fritz's horse, the world would never have heard of one of the finest officers in the Prussian service. The mere accidents which have brought greatness to light warrant the belief that many stars of the first magnitude never rise above the horizon.

GAME IN THE CRIMEA.

A London paper informs us that many wild turkeys, or rather bustards, "larger and heavier than the domestic turkey, and of excellent flavor when properly cooked," have been shot about the plain of Balaklava. Our word for it, the bird you speak of is the turkey buzzard—rank carrion,—the only bird of this country which Achille Murat said "was not good," and he had "tried him ros—tried him broil—tried him stew—tried him every vay." The turkey buzzards are a sort of ornithological scavengers, and if the English officers and soldiers have been eating them, we are very sorry for them—that's all.

QUITE DIPLOMATIC.—In a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, a Yankee in Europe was asked, "Which are the handsomest, the ladies of this country or the American ladies?" "I must confess," was the prompt reply, "that I think the palm of beauty is with the American, but had I met the Indies around me in America, I should have supposed them to have been my own countrywomen."

BINDING.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will all be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same prices.

THE WEATHER.—The newspapers have been talking recently about the mean temperature. Well, it has been very mean, and it probably will be getting meaner and meaner till about June, when we shall have a generous temperature; but that is about as early as we can reasonably expect it.

EXTRAORDINARY TENACITY OF LIFE.—A widow lady, named Miller, upwards of seventy years of age, residing near Pittsburg, Pa., lately, during a protracted illness, passed forty days without touching a morsel of food, drinking only water.

TOOLS OF TRADE.—The young doctresses of the Philadelphia Female Medical College are said to carry pistols as well as pill-boxes. They mean to make sure work—if their pills don't finish the patient, the pistols certainly will.

A WATERSPOUT.—The steamship Grenada on a recent trip from New Orleans to New York, came near being swamped by a waterspout. A pistol shot at two hundred yards dissipated the threatening column.

LOVE MATCHES.—Two high-born, rich and beautiful ladies of Paris married lately, one an actor at a minor theatre, and the other a policeman. Thus is democracy reviving under the empire.

THOMAS BALL.—This fine artist and excellent man, whose versatility embraces music, painting and sculpture, has been hard at work studying and modelling in his studio at Florence.

AWFUL WARNING.—An old bachelor of Wisconsin lately had his ears frozen in bed. This is worse than a married man's having his pulled.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

An editor writes of a lecture, "3000 ladies hung on one man's lips." Whew!

Nathaniel Morton, Esq., a distinguished member of the Bristol bar, died lately at Taunton.

Borne, a German, compares a girl, a woman, and an old woman, to milk, butter, cheese.

The New Hampshire stage drivers lately had a splendid ball at Concord.

The candidate who "carried the day" got tired and laid it down.

It is said that children in England used to smoke in the seventeenth century.

A little girl at Niagara asked how much soap was required for those suds!

Four men netted eighteen hundred pigeons at one haul in Ohio, lately.

Mad dogs are beginning to turn up. One was recently shot at Lansingburgh.

The Virginia Senate have deemed it inexpedient to legislate on the usury laws.

Ruth Partington is inimitable. All attempts to copy her are disgusting.

The first pawnbroker was a Roman. "O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!"

Cannibals state that Englishmen are better eating than Frenchmen. Very consoling!

The New York and Erie company lately paid $2000 a day to feed cattle detained on their road.

William L. Ayling, of Boston, has been playing at the Mobile Theatre successfully.

Bayard Taylor, it is said, is not going to be married, after all.

A wild cat, three feet long, was lately trapped in a barn in Eden, Maine.

Murmur at nothing. If our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; but if they are remediless, vain.

They have begun to send small dogs by mail in this country.

In Poland, Ohio, they manufacture 130,000 brooms during the year.

A partridge lately made its appearance in the Pittsburg (Pa.) court house, and was secured.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

In 1787 it cost $575 to go from Dublin to London. Expensive travelling.

The Printers' Literary Association, of Boston, is going ahead finely.

It is proposed to erect a monument to General Nathaniel Greene at Newport, R. I.

OLD SOLDIERS.

During the war of independence, eighty old German soldiers, who, after having long and faithfully served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of liberty. The captain was nearly one hundred years old; had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never before, perhaps, appeared on a field of battle.

AUSTRIA VS. FRANCE.

In the time of the French Revolution, a young German law student, who had been drafted into the army, petitioned the emperor of Austria to discharge him, as he was about to be admitted to the bar, and flattered himself that he could do his country better service as a lawyer than a soldier. "My dear fellow," said the emperor, "you don't understand the case. I am now engaged in an intricate suit against the French Convention, which is to be settled by cannon law, and I want the service of such men of talent as yourself. Here are twelve ducats; do your duty, and I promise to promote you."

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY.—The use of cosmetics in Paris is said to be carried to a ridiculous extent. Whiting, pearl powder, and similar resorts, are used by the ladies as profusely as by actresses. When the king of Sardinia, from his royal box at the Italian opera house, surveyed the audience through his glass, he exclaimed: "No wonder bread is so dear in Paris, when the ladies roll themselves from top to toe in flour every day."

CUBAN VISITORS.—An unusually large number of strangers from the United States have been spending the winter at Havana and on the island of late. Every facility has been afforded them to render their visit agreeable—especially by the Spanish officials.

DIRECT TAXATION.—A committee of the New York Legislature represent the general fund of the State as exhausted, and that recourse must be had to direct taxation, as the only means of avoiding public financial embarrassment.

ARTISTIC.—A Mr. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y., produces very fine ambrotypes upon isinglass. Their weight is hardly appreciable, and they may be sent any distance inclosed in a letter.

FASHIONABLE.—The ladies in Paris are wearing the Polish surtout, just like a man's, with large metal buttons. It gives them a very rowdyish appearance.

PROVIDENCE RAILROAD.—The fares on this road have been raised twenty per cent. for transient and fifty per cent. for season ticket passengers, and the noon train taken off.

DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER.—During the last winter the accumulation of ice on the trees in South Carolina broke them so badly that the amount of injury is estimated by millions.

LOSS OF STEAMSHIPS.—Since 1853, twelve steamships, lost at sea, have cost 1250 human lives, and $7,250,000 of property.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Pretty Girls," a humorous story by FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.
"Memories," verses, by MARY H. LUCY.
"The old School House by the River," a poem.
"The Bachelor's Invitation," verses by FRANK FREELOVE.
"The Maiden Aunt," a story by Mrs. HELEN RUM.
"In Dreams," a poem.
"An Underground Story," by HORACE B. STANFORD.
"Isabel," stanzas by GEORGE H. COOMER.
"Nannette Cadwrood," a tale by SUSAN H. BRANDELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the various Railroad Depots in Boston.

Scenes in the Crimea, showing a view of the Villa of Count Woronzoff, Governor-General of Tauris; and view of the Village of Yourzouf.

Views of public buildings in New Bedford, showing, the Savings Institution High School, Unitarian Church, Court House, City Hall and Market, Railroad Station, Police Station, and Custom House.

Portrait of John Grigg, Esq., of Philadelphia.

View of the Interior of a House in Java.

Representation of the Mercantile Library Building, Boston, both of its exterior and interior appearance.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The Chevalier P. Stradd, of Turin, offers a prize of one thousand francs for the best treatise on the organization of field hospitals.

The Edinburg Express reports that the fifth volume of Mr. Macaulay's "History of England" has been committed to the printer.

The arrangements on the Egyptian Railroad give great satisfaction. The railway carriages are very superior; each one cost £400.

A number of students at the Finland University have been sent to prison for drinking "Success to the Allies," and "Prosperity to Sweden."

It is stated that Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi has retired altogether from the stage. The charming *artiste* intends, they say, to fix her residence in Paris.

J. Pechlgris de Frondin, of Agen, France, has obtained a patent for making paper from the stalks of the artichoke, and of the sun-flower. They are said to make a beautiful quality of paper.

The Glasgow Daily News says that the London Times is now stereotyped, by which means the whole of the country circulation is now got into the post-office in time for transmission by the morning mails.

A certain musahib (imperial buffoon) named Said Effendi, recently died at Constantinople, at the age of one hundred and twenty years and seven months. He has served four sultans as jester.

The emperor of Austria has signed an organic decree, in reference to the Protestants in his dominions, which is said to be liberal, with the exception that it prohibits the marriage of any Catholic priest converted to Protestantism.

Return emigrants, without means, are getting to be a nuisance at Havre, France. The French government has notified our government that it will prevent the landing of such indigent returning emigrants, that they may not become chargeable to the public.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined together but which man hath put asunder.

If we dissemble our feelings, we only artificially endeavor to persuade others that we enjoy privileges which we do not actually possess.

A mind rightly instituted in the school of philosophy, acquires at once the stability of the oak and the flexibility of the osier.

Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil.

Genius when employed in works whose tendency is to demoralize and degrade us, should be contemplated with abhorrence rather than admiration.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are the three things that never stand still.

We cannot do right without feeling that God approves us, or wrong without feeling that we have rendered ourselves obnoxious to his displeasure.

Does not vanity itself cease to be blamable, is it not even ennobled when it is directed to laudable objects, when it confines itself to prompting us to great and generous actions?

It is the heart alone which renders a man truly eloquent. It is that alone which, in barbarous as well as cultivated ages, gives that affecting character to poetry which renders the poet immortal.

Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station; the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture.

When trouble flows upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present.

Joker's Budget.

The most polite parts of the ships are the bows and gallant yards.

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

What baroness can lay claim to being the wife of a baron of beef?

Pick wants another corps of policemen to watch the one now existing.

What vocalist can lay claim to having been listened to by an ear of corn?

"I admire your beautiful 'crops' this year," as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer.

"Sam, how do you like that knife I sold you last week?" "So, so. It is not very sharp, yet you managed to shave me with it."

"You are a shoemaker?" said a magistrate the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "a *horse* shoemaker."

A negro hunting a coon, in a tree, heard something drop to the ground. "O, golly! massa," he said, "I looked up and found it was dis darkey."

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mama, will you remember to buy me a penny whistle—and let it be a religious one."

The omnibus driver who replied to applicants for passage, "All full," when there were only seventeen inside and four outside, has been discharged for ignorance of his business.

Prentice, it is useless to say, is responsible for following *naughty* slip-of-the-tongue: "Our contemporary undertakes to discuss what he calls a 'knotty question.' Can he untie anything knotty? Echo answers, *not he.*"

Quill and Scissors.

In Philadelphia the other day, a woman picked up a dollar bill, lying upon the ground in front of a butcher's stall, which the butcher took from her, although he did not lose the money, on the ground that the woman had no right to pick up anything in front of his stall. He was arrested on a charge of larceny, and held in $300 for trial.

In an article contributed to the American Medical and Surgical Journal, by Dr. Potter, the doctor takes the ground that the majority of sick persons will always recover without medical aid. "The physician must not conclude," says Dr. P., "that every recovery under his management is a cure."

The Montreal Herald (in a long article on the Clayton Bulwer Treaty) takes ground in favor of the American, and in opposition to the British interpretation of it. The Canadians are anxious for reciprocity with Uncle Sam, and care more for it than all the Russians and Belizes in the world.

Mr. Robey, of the Hopewell Nursery, near Fredericksburg, Va., says that the labor of years in raising fruit trees, has been destroyed by the intensely cold weather. Pear, peach, apricot, and indeed all varieties of fruit trees, with the exception of apples, have been literally killed.

The Danish government is deliberating upon a plan of letting our vessels pass through the Sound unmolested, by keeping an account against them, to be presented to the American government at a future day, or when the subject of the Sound dues shall be adjusted.

A bill has been passed in the senate of Virginia, appropriating $1000 a year, for five years, to enable the State Historical Society to procure from England manuscript copies of documents and letters relating to the early history of the Old Dominions.

Rolin White of Hartford has invented a breech loading rifle with a magazine attached, which may be fired once a second as long as the magazine of cartridges holds out, and when emptied it can be filled again in from six to ten seconds.

A convict was lately found dead in his cell at the Auburn Prison. A post mortem examination showed that the cause of his death was an enlargement of the heart produced, probably, by grief and shame.

The total population of Louisiana, as shown by the report of the Auditor, is 575,922, of whom 229,628 are whites. The total valuation of the State is $319,854,654. The population given is 10,000 less than the last report.

The Tioga Agitator, in noticing the editor of the N. Y. Mirror, says of its editor, "Col Fuller is a perpetual fountain of soda water flavored with pineapple and lemon in equal parts."

We learn that the English Government has given an order to Col. J. Durell Greene for a lot of his rifles, and that their prospect of being introduced into the army is almost certain.

The poet Rogers mentioned that the best note he ever received was from an American lady, who, being asked to breakfast with him, wrote: "Won't I?" Certainly it was expressive brevity.

The Keechi Indians have been stealing the horses of the Creeks til the Creeks have lost all patience, and declared war against the thieves of the prairies.

The Senate of Virginia has unanimously passed a bill, providing for the erection of a plain tombstone of granite or marble, over the grave of James Madison.

The Norfolk Argus says there is much activity in the navy yard at that place at the present time, and about seventeen hundred workmen are there employed.

Robert Walker, conductor on the Nashua and Wilton Railroad, was accidentally knocked off a train of cars near Nashua, lately, and instantly killed.

Professor Robert Henry, of the South Carolina College, is dead. He was much esteemed for his learning, piety, and ability.

A. F. Monroe, of Coles county, Ill., has been sentenced to be hung for the murder of Nathaniel Ellington, his father-in-law.

The State House in Columbus, Ohio, has cost the sum of $1,583,886.

Mr. Healey, the artist, is in Chicago looking after his lands.

It is stated that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, is pinched for want of ample means.

Joseph Ames, the artist, will shortly visit Washington to fulfil several commissions.

There is a hospital for consumptives in New York, Peter Cooper is the president.

T. Buchanan Read returns to Florence in the spring, with abundant commissions for his pencil.

The York Street Society, Boston, presented to its pastor Rev. A. L. Stone, a purse of $1000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Stephen S. Winchester to Miss Lizzie H. Bartlett.

By Rev. Mr. Biskie, Mr. David Lawson to Miss Martha Kane.

By Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Thomas Stephens, of Belleville, N. J., to Mrs. Mary Sawyer, of Charlestown.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Joseph Clagg to Miss Mary Anne Shannon.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. William B. Jones to Miss Isabella Smith.

At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Lucius P. Starr, Esq., of New York, to Miss Harriet W. Capen.

At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. William H. Wilson to Miss Sarah J. Pratt.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Joseph Wadleigh to Miss Julia Ann Hardy.

At Salisbury, by Rev Mr. Mason, Mr. Samuel H. Gilman to Miss Lucy J. Eaton.

At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. E. H. Hero to Miss Ruth Brown.

At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Francis Howland to Miss Sarah E. Cobb.

At Duxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dunham, Mr. Samuel H. Joyce to Miss Angeline Pike, of South Boston.

At West Newbury, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr William A. Hutchinson, of Haverhill, to Miss Mary E. Emery.

At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Daniel Mason to Miss Hannah B. Wilmarth.

At Holyoke, by Rev. Mr. Gorham, Mr. Joshua F. Carter to Miss Lucia A. Winchester.

At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Jacob B. Flagg, of Roxbury, to Miss Louisa Fobes.

Deaths.

In this city, Horatio G. Ware, Esq., 79; Miss Harriet A. Sanderson, 24; John Kinsley, Esq., 80; Miss Abigail Dalton, 30; Mr. William Davis, 84; Capt. Ellison Lowell, 75; Mr. Robert Dorrivage, 25; Mr. Albert G. Barker, 50; Mr. Alexander Clark, 65; Mr. A. H. Morse, 27.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Ellen M. Wilkinson, 19; Mr. Warren Curtis, 50; Mr. Robert Searle, 69.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Antoinnette B. Hitchcock, 64; Mr. Alexander Gaston, 83.

At Cambridge, Edward Tyrrell Channing, LL.D., late Boylston Professor in Harvard University, 75.

At Somerville, Mrs. Sarah Cook, 67.

At Lynn, Mr. Henry C. Boyce, 35.

At Salem, Mr. William Cross, 56; Mr. Benjamin W. Southwick, 23.

At Beverly, Mr. Charles S. Giddings, 28.

At Malden, Mr. Joseph C. Pierce, 30.

At Milton, Mrs. Margaret Forbes, 82.

At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Stanwood, 38; Widow Mary Burroughs, 66; Mrs. Mary Carlton, 79; Widow Betsey Lesley, 77; Miss Sarah W. Noyes, 16.

At Groton, Mrs. Martha Lewis, 70.

At Lunenburg, Mr. Silas Snow, 91.

At Worcester, Miss Jane E. Nixon, 22.

At Templeton, Mr. Nathan Bowker, of Boston, 57.

At Fairhaven, Mr. Lewis Stott, 77.

At New Bedford, Hon. Benjamin Coombs, 74.

At Salisbury, Mrs. Eleanor, wife of Mr. Robert Davison, 85.

At Pittsfield, Capt. Elisha Allen, 69.

At Pittsburg, Mr. Reuben Hosmer, 94.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SWEETEST SONG I EVER HEARD.

BY MRS. S. T. ELDREDGE.

The sweetest song I ever heard,
Was one calm summer night;
'Twas like the carol of a bird,
It thrilled me with delight;
It seemed not like a maiden's voice,
It was so low and clear,
It trembled on my spirit's chords,
And forced a pearly tear.

I sought a sylvan bower hard by,
And met the songstress there;
She was a child some twelve years old,
With flowing auburn hair;
"Tell me," said I, "sweet child of song,
Whence gushed that thrilling lay?
Didst learn it at thy mother's knee—
In childhood's earliest day?"

Her mild blue eyes were bright with tears,
She sweetly answered, "Yes:
'Tis full of tender memories,
A mother's smile and kiss:
I never knew that others prized
The song I love to sing;
I wonder, lady, that you weep,
It is a simple thing."

And often now when I am sad,
And deem the world unkind,
The pleading looks of that fair child
Come thronging o'er my mind.
Though oft I've heard sweet, dulcet strains,
That turned my thoughts above,
I ne'er shall hear a song again,
So full of truth and love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GRANDFATHER.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

It was a great, old-fashioned room, in a great, old fashioned house, with high oaken wainscot, such as people seldom see now; with heavy, cumbrous, substantial furniture, oaken, too; and great, full-length portraits, set in the panelling, of ladies and gentlemen with powdered wigs, and stiff brocades, and ruffs, and high-heeled shoes—a sight to be seen. There was a great, old-fashioned fireplace, too, where the stout logs blazed merrily, sending out a broad glow all over the room, making the polished surfaces of both the walls and furniture shine still brighter than they shone in the daytime; such a glow that the candles on the table were scarcely needed, although they had been brought in some ten minutes since. On one side of this huge fireplace, an old lady sat; a tall, spare old lady, with a shrewd, yet quiet and pleasant countenance, that showed much of the vigor of life yet; a thin, erect, active form, trimly clad in a dress of dark merino; hands nimble and busy, though somewhat shrunken, plying the glittering knitting-needles with brisk motion; bright, kindly hazel eyes, that looked, now through their steel-bowed spectacles, at her knitting, and anon over them towards a little, quiet-looking, brown haired maiden, of eleven or twelve years, who sat near her, on a low cricket.

The little girl, with much care and neatness, was cutting out and piling up in a small basket beside her, sundry curiously shaped bits of calico, of various bright colors, preparatory to basting them. But though the work was performed with the utmost precision, the tiny fingers moved very slowly at times, and an absent look was in the innocent eyes of the child, as if she was scarcely conscious of the task she was so steadily performing.

Finally she ceased her employment altogether. The cloth lay unheeded in her lap, the sharp little scissors reposed in shining idleness in the loose clasp of her small hand, and she sat quite still, gazing dreamily into the fire. The old lady observed her, over the spectacles, with a kindly and curious glance.

"My dear," she said, gently, "what are you thinking of?"

The child was half roused by the question; but her thoughtful eyes, with their fixed and dreamy gaze, still rested intently upon the fire. She answered, in a kind of mechanical way, "of him."

"Of him?"

The child nodded. "Of my grandfather."

"Have you seen him lately, Ethel?" queried the old lady.

"To-day, Aunt Patience."

And now, drawn completely from her reverie, Ethel sighed faintly, while she returned to her work.

"Where did you see him, my dear?"

"On my way to school, Aunt Patience. He was in the carriage with aunt—Mrs. Everton, I mean—and the children, going to Hatton." And Ethel sighed again.

Aunt Patience went on with her knitting a few moments, in silence; then she said:

"Did they see you, I wonder, Ethel?"

"I don't know, ma'am," and she shook her head. "That is, Cecil saw me; he took off his cap, and smiled, and said 'good morning;' but I don't think the others knew I was anywhere near."

Clip, clip, clip went the sharp little scissors, and square after square was added to the growing piles of many-colored fabrics; and the busy knitting-needles of Aunt Patience, glistening in the fire-light, completed with inconceivable rapidity round after round of the warm little stocking, which was just "toeing off" to join its snow-white mate, on the table, in readiness for Ethel's own pretty foot. The good old lady did not echo Ethel's sigh; but she thought very deeply and intensly of its cause during the silence that succeeded their conversation. Presently she said to Ethel:

"My dear, you said you were thinking of your grandfather. Thinking what?"

Ethel looked grave.

"That he must be a very hard-hearted, cruel old man, Aunt Patience, to let my mother go away, and never speak to her again. I don't like him!"

"Ethel," said the old lady, gently, "you should not cherish enmity."

"I don't, Aunt Patience," the little girl answered, reflectively. "I don't cherish enmity. I am not an enemy to him—it isn't so bad as *that*. I don't wish him any harm, and wouldn't hurt him in any way for the world; but I *don't like him*; that's all. I can't help that, can I?"

Aunt Patience knew very well what human nature was, and could not blame her, after all, for her sentiments. Still, it would not do to encourage them, so she was silent, and continued to knit quietly.

"To be sure," Ethel went on, after a little time, "my mother says it is naughty to speak so—to say even what I do; but for all that, *I can't help thinking it*, at least. If it was only me that he wouldn't speak to, I wouldn't care. I don't care, as it is, that he hasn't spoken to me, or taken the least notice of me, since I was born; but to be so cruel to my mother! It's too bad, Aunt Patience."

Inwardly, Aunt Patience sympathized with the child. She said, however:

"But your mother forgets the wrong, Ethel."

"Yes, mother forgets it, but I can't. I don't want ever to speak to him, or look at him, if I can help it."

It was quite true; Ethel could not forget. It was but a year since she had learned from her mother's lips the solution of what had been an enigma to her since childhood—the estrangement between her parents and her grandfather, her mother's father; and whenever she spoke of him now, a considerable degree of resentment was manifest; for she loved her mother dearly, and could not be friendly with one who had treated that mother unkindly.

Ethel's parents resided in the little country village of D——, of which her father was pastor. This was some six miles from Wynnemere, the home which had been her mother's in childhood. Now there was an old lady, benevolent, kind-hearted and wealthy, Mrs. Patience, to wit, or Aunt Patience, as she was best known, who had for some thirty-five years lived in the immediate neighborhood of Wynnemere. Aunt Patience was one of the oldest and dearest friends of Ethel's mother, who had been a favorite of hers from childhood; and so Ethel sometimes accompanied her mother on a visit to her house, where she, in turn, became as great a favorite.

The child knew that in the stately old mansion which stood, half hidden by elms and maples, on the green hillside, near the dwelling of Aunt Patience, lived her own grandfather. She had seen him sometimes, walking out early in the mornings, leaning on his stout golden-headed cane, which was his constant companion, on account of a slight lameness. An old man he was, of heavy frame and massive features, habitually wearing a very irascible expression; gray, bushy brows, contracted into a grim frown, and full, sharp, penetrating eyes. He was abrupt in manner, in address brief, curt, unceremonious, almost to rudeness. But although she had seen him thus so often, he had never spoken to her, nor she to him. That quick, piercing glance had rested on her countenance, and been withdrawn; and the grim, frowning brow grew still more grim and frowning as he passed her in silence. There had never been the slightest communication between her parents and him. He never came to see them. They never visited, and seldom spoke of him; and why her mother was always sad, and her father serious and thoughtful, at the mention of his name, was something which perplexed Ethel exceedingly, until this last year, and then she knew.

Harry Wynne had two children—Ada, the mother of Ethel, and Arthur, a handsome, light-hearted, careless youth, the pride of his father's heart, and the idol of his sister's. Ada was married at eighteen to the Reverend Mr. Willoughby. Arthur was at this time at the university, making preparations for the study of his chosen profession; but a single year had not passed, when becoming implicated in some mischievous plot of his fellow-students, he was, with them, expelled!

Squire Wynne was very proud, and very high-spirited. Convinced by the twisted reports which had reached him, of his son's guilt, he refused to listen to the boy's story of the part which he had actually taken in the affair, upbraided him with his evil conduct, and cut to the heart, and bitterly disappointed, turned him at once and forever from his doors, refusing to acknowledge him thenceforth, or lend him the slightest assistance of any kind.

Arthur, who was in reality innocent of intentional wrong doing, was wounded and indignant at such a mode of treatment. He flew to his sister, and poured out his sorrow in flowing terms, finding in her and her husband the warmest of friends. Ada, in the sympathy and earnestness of her kind heart, hastened directly to Wynnemere, where she besought her father, with tender entreaties, to break his stern resolution, and receive Arthur to his heart once more. He refused, commanding her, with the most violent anger, never to renew the subject, or even speak the boy's name again, in his presence, on pain of his utmost displeasure.

Never before had Ada beheld her father in such a passion, although he was naturally hot tempered and irritable. Awed and intimidated by his stormy vehemence, she desisted from her attempts to soften him, and returned weeping to her husband and brother.

Full of grief and indignation at his father's injustice and inflexibility, Arthur hastily signified his determination to leave the country at once, to go, he hardly cared whither, only so as to escape the neighborhood of that home from which he had been thrust forth. An opportunity of going to India offering itself, he secured it at once. When Ada learned the step he had taken, her grief was uncontrollable. She entreated him, with her husband, to alter his decision; but he remained firm.

Since this was the case, there was but one other step to be taken. Ada knew that he needed money, and although he had received from a deceased relative a handsome bequest some years since, it was not in his possession, since he was not yet of age, and would not be for three years. Determined to brave her father's anger once more, in her brother's behalf, she applied to him for means of meeting Arthur's necessities, stating the arrangements he had made for an early departure. In vain! With wrathful severity he denied her appeal.

"No!" he thundered; "let the graceless, undutiful boy go, if he will; and go penniless!—for not a cent of my wealth shall he touch, if he starves!"

"Then, sir," said Ada, weeping, "I will apply to you for nothing further. I can furnish him with the means he requires. I will not see him wait."

"Do it, then!" he uttered, passionately; "do it, and never enter these doors again—never dare speak to me again! For if you lend assistance to one who has disgraced me, and uphold him in his deeds, you are no child of mine. Choose, madam, this moment!"—and he flung open the door—"between him and me! Either promise to discountenance that boy's disgraceful actions, or I treat you and yours from this hour as strangers!"

In vain Ada prayed—entreated; she must give up one or the other. But though her heart was almost broken by her father's harshness, she could not promise to withhold from her brother that affection, and counsel, and assistance which he doubly needed now.

And so it was. Arthur went to India, where he had remained ever since; and from that time Squire Wynne, and his daughter, and his daughter's husband and child, were to each other as though they had never met.

Ethel had come to spend two or three months with Aunt Patience. It was in January, and the weather was very mild. Mrs. Miller's school, which Ethel attended while here, was more than a mile distant, and in wet or stormy weather, Chloe, the black girl, always tackled the horse into the chaise, and drove with the little guess to the school-house, coming again in the afternoon to take her home. There were, however, a great many fine, spring like days, when Ethel preferred walking, setting off by herself with books and lunch, every morning, as soon as the great clock struck eight.

Her way lay past Wynnemere. Not unfrequently she met her grandfather, or some of the family walking out; for Squire Wynne, since the banishment of his children, had invited his sister, a wealthy widow, with her children, one and all, to make their home with him. Mrs. Everton was a haughty, imperious dame of forty-five, who liked vastly well to have her own way, and entertained no especial good will towards any of her brother's own family. Of her four children, Helen, Frances, and John, of the respective ages of seventeen, fifteen, and twelve, were very much like herself. Cecil, the eldest, was eighteen, and for his goodness of heart, that even excelled his beauty and grace of person, deserves separate mention. He was their very antipodes in almost every respect.

Mrs. Everton and her three other children copied after the Squire in his studied avoidance of Ada's family, to the closest degree. Not the smallest notice did they take of any one of them, and though Ethel met these people quite frequently, one would have thought that not the most distant tie of relationship bound them; for while she passed them in silence, they took undisguised pains to slight her. Cecil, however, was an exception. To his mother's infinite displeasure, he always saluted Ethel with the utmost politeness and deference when he met her, and not all her stately reprimands were able to effect an alteration in his conduct in this respect.

"Cecil, have you then no regard for the wishes of your uncle?" she would say to him, as the last resort.

"Mother," was his gentle, yet firm answer, "my uncle has never yet forbidden me to treat Ethel otherwise than with politeness. She is my cousin, and has a right as such to my respect, at least. Certainly, she is only a child, and has, for some reason unknown to me, gained your displeasure. Still, I will not consent to treat her otherwise than with honor and decency. If I did so, I should not deserve the title of a gentleman."

Somehow, Squire Wynne never reproved Cecil for noticing Ethel, though the boy frequently spoke to her while in company with him, as she passed them; and so Mrs. Everton ceased to expostulate with her son.

One morning, starting from home, Ethel had gone but a few rods, when, in the middle of the path, she found a large pocket-book. It was quite heavy, and was evidently well filled. She paused an instant with it in her hand. "To whom can it belong, I wonder?" she soliloquized. Quickly her bright eyes traversed the length of the road, and there, as far off as she could see, just turning a bend, where the road branched off suddenly, she beheld some person, who disappeared, even while she looked, beyond the turning.

Instantly she set off, at a bird-like swiftness of motion, to overtake him. "For," she reasoned, "if the pocket book had been there when he came along, he would have been sure to have seen it. It is most likely, then, that he himself dropped it."

She had some way to go, but her rapid feet twinkled almost into invisibility along the ground, so fast she ran. In a moment, almost out of breath, she reached the bend simultaneously with the very person, who was returning with all possible despatch, grumbling and scolding with testy sharpness to himself, as he hurried along, dumping his cane down at every step in a manner that betrayed his excitement and irritation.

"That plaguy pocket-book!" he was muttering. "Why can't it—hullo! little girl," as Ethel, panting, held out to him the object of his search.

"Sir, you dropped—"

And then she broke off, for very astonishment, at finding that she was addressing her grandfather! He recognized her, as, from the pocket-book which she thrust into his hand, he lifted his sharp glance to her face.

"O, it's you, is it?" he uttered, shortly, scanning her countenance with that searching glance, and a deepening frown.

Ethel recovered from the surprise before he did; and without waiting for another word, said "Good morning, sir," and ran on, with her heart beating vigorously enough.

She had spoken to her grandfather! Ethel could scarcely believe it, as she hurried to school, thinking of what had just taken place. That afternoon, Ethel, with some of her little neighbors and schoolmates, was sliding on the village pond. Many a merry youngster was congregated there, and all bent on enjoying themselves. Among the rest, the Everton children were there, accompanying the elder groups. Ethel saw them among the first. Cecil had come down with them, and stood on the bank, watching their sport.

John Everton had a great sled, on which he was drawing his sisters, and the boys and girls scattered in every direction, as he came down the ice in full career. He seemed to be bent principally on his own accommodation, without caring much for the safety of other. He forced them to give him a clear path wherever he went, telling them, imperiously, if they complained, to get out of his way, and take some other if they liked. "*He* had come down to the pond first, and had the best right there; he meant to look out for number one!" and thrusting aside a little boy, he kept on.

"For shame, John!" called Cecil, from the bank. "Behave yourself, sir!" and he colored with shame for his brother's boorishness.

But though half a dozen other voices joined clamorously in with that of Cecil, John Everton never heeded them. Down he came again, scattering them all as before; but one little girl was not quick enough; and the young ruffian, catching her arm, swung her away with a rude jerk, so that she fell violently upon the ice. A great outcry was raised.

"Coward—brute—tyrant!" was shouted on every hand; and while Ethel Willoughby found herself lifted gently from the ice by Cecil, who had sprung forward to aid her, a crowd of angry boys gathered about John with such threatening demonstrations as made him glad to escape the best way he could, leaving his sisters to take care of themselves.

Straight homeward he fled; Helen and Frances followed shortly, and then a discussion of the affair ensued between them. Meanwhile, Cecil arrived, and entering in the midst of it, immediately commenced rebuking them for their heartlessness towards their cousin.

"It was a cowardly way of behaving, John Everton," he said, "and a brutal one. You deserved the punishment that you escaped at the hands of the boys."

"Mind your own affairs, sir!" shouted John, sullenly.

"I intend to," returned Cecil, with sternness; "for *this* is my affair, as much as that of the children whose sport you have spoiled by your overbearing arrogance and cruelty. What right had you to treat them as you did? Had they not an equal right there with yourself? Your tyrannical actions would have brought upon you a richly merited punishment, if you had not run away like a coward, as you are. A brave deed! You do not—to throw little Ethel Willoughby down on the ice, because she was in your way!"

"Tell Ethel Willoughby to keep out of my way, then!"

"You Jack Everton, hold your tongue there, you puppy!" exclaimed Squire Wynne's stentorian voice; and there he stood at the door, regarding them. A wrathful frown darkened his face, and he thumped his heavy cane violently upon the floor.

John Everton did not wait for more, but disappeared through an opposite entrance, while the sisters followed him, to console him, and complain to mama about Cecil, and wonder among themselves at their uncle's sudden outbreak. Meanwhile, the Squire entered the drawing room, which they had quitted so precipitately, planted himself upon the hearth, and turning square about, faced his nephew.

"Cecil," he said, "what's all this uproar about, hey, Cecil?"

The young man informed him. The frown on the Squire's face grew blacker than ever.

"So he knocked down Ethel Willoughby, did he?" he said; "the rascal! I'll teach him!" and thumping his cane down more vigorously than ever, he walked out of the room, leaving Cecil decidedly perplexed at his manner; still more at hearing him speak Ethel's name—a thing nobody had ever heard him do before.

The next day, the scholars at Mrs. Miller's school, and especially Mrs. Miller herself, were very much surprised at a visit from Squire Wynne, during school hours. Ethel wondered a great deal, for a moment, at a circumstance so unusual; and then returning to the studies which his entrance had interrupted, forgot his presence entirely. The Squire sat by Mrs. Miller's desk, talking with that lady, and listening to the recitations for a long time. Presently, Ethel's class was called up. The summons came rather earlier than usual, which rather perplexed Ethel; for every recitation had its own set time, that never varied a moment. However, she had her lesson perfect to the last degree, as she always did; and though she trembled a little at first with the consciousness of her grandfather's eyes being fixed full upon her, she gradually collected herself, and went through it without a fault. Then she went back to her seat, her heart beating with nervous gladness that she had not failed. As soon as the recitation was over, the Squire took leave; and shortly after, school was dismissed. Mrs. Miller smilingly patted Ethel's head, as she was leaving the room.

"I am very gratified, my dear," she said, kindly, "that you had so perfect a lesson on so short notice. I was somewhat apprehensive of a failure, I confess, faultless as your recitations always are; for Squire Wynne desired me to call up the class so early. I told him you had not had the usual time for preparation, but he only seemed the more bent on hearing you."

So *that* was it. Ethel set out for home, wondering why her grandfather cared to hear her recite, when he was hostile to her parents, and had always treated her with indifference. She overtook and passed him on her way. A dozen steps she had taken, perhaps, when he called her:

"Ethel!"

She turned, trembling spite of herself, and waited till he came up.

"You are Ethel Willoughby, my grand-daughter, aren't you?" he said, briefly.

"Yes, sir," answered she.

He walked on by her side. She felt a kind of mingled astonishment and fear at finding herself thus in his company; at the sight of his face, at the sound of his voice, and the characteristic thumping of that authoritative cane, that was something disagreeable.

"Well, Ethel Willoughby, have you any objection to coming to Wynnemere for a week, and paying me a visit?"

Squire Wynne forced everybody to whom he spoke to be as straightforward as himself.

"Yes, sir," again answered Ethel, frankly.

"You have! Well, I suppose, Miss Ethel Willoughby, I may ask what in the name of mischief it is?" he said, with rising asperity, while his cane gave a harder thump than ever.

"It is that I am a stranger there, sir," she returned; "and that my father and mother are strangers there."

"I believe," said the Squire, wrathfully, "that I didn't say anything about your father and mother! I invited *you*. If you've been twenty thousand strangers, it's your own fault if you're one any longer. Will you come?"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir, but I cannot."

"You wont, you mean, ma'am! Is this the duty and respect you owe to your grandfather, hey?"

Ethel was silent; so was he for awhile. Presently he said, bluntly:

"What made you run away yesterday morning, as if you were shot? If that pocket-book hadn't come back to me, I should have offered a hundred dollars reward for it. I suppose you don't want anything of that kind, eh?"

"No, sir," she said.

"You don't? Well, I suppose you wouldn't come and make me that visit if you knew that I would make you the heiress of Wynnemere, and all that belongs to it?"

"No, sir," repeated Ethel, with a queer feeling coming over her; "no, sir. You have nephews and nieces there—"

"Hang the nephews and nieces!"

"And you don't need me," she went on, with a slight tremulousness of voice. "No, sir, I don't want to come and see you. If you were poor, and sick, and had no one to help you, perhaps I would."

"And deuce take me if you shall!" he uttered, thoroughly exasperated by her persistence. But she did not hear him. As they reached the gates of the drive at Wynnemere, she ran off, unable to speak another word.

Aunt Patience heard about all this with considerable interest. The sudden demonstration on the part of Squire Wynne was not extremely surprising to her, for she had often thought of the possibility of such a thing. She rode over to R——, and told Mr. Willoughby and Ada about it; and Ada could hardly contain her emotion.

"Only think, Roland, that father has spoken to Ethel!" she said, with joyful tears.

But then, of what avail was it towards a reconciliation? It was only too evident that Ethel had seriously offended him, after all. And it was all just the same as before. Aunt Patience went home again to sit down and think about the affair over her knitting, and wonder what would come of it finally.

"Good morning, Aunt Patience."

"Off so early, my dear?" and Aunt Patience came out into the hall, where Ethel, dressed for school, was putting on her gloves.

"It is five minutes past eight. I have only just time."

"Ah—yes, I see," looking up at the clock; "it is later than I thought. Well, good morning, Ethel dear."

And Ethel set out for school, as she used to six years ago, when we knew her as a little girl. But it is not the little girl now. She has grown into a fine, graceful-looking girl of eighteen; and this summer she keeps school for Mrs. Miller, who is absent from home for two or three months.

It is the same road she used to tread six years ago, where she went along every day with her little satchel. She goes past the gates of Wynnemere, just the same as she did then, without ever entering. And sometimes she meets her grandfather, in his daily walks, as of old; but he never speaks. There is the ancient frown, the same grim countenance, the same quick, searching glance, the same vigorous, all-expressive thump of the unfailing cane—it is all just as it used to be, even to the silence with which he passes her; and she is willing that it should be so—indeed, she had much rather that they should be forever strangers to each other, than accept the favor and affection denied to her mother. It would be very pleasant to her, she sometimes thinks, if he only would treat her mother as his child once more, to love him and take care of him, and be his companion; to try to please him, and make his old age less lonely than it is now—for he is all alone at Wynnemere. Mrs. Everton and her children are gone, and besides the domestics, Squire Wynne sees not another face within those lonely walls from day to day, week in and week out. But this cannot be. He will not recall his daughter to his heart, and Ethel refused to receive that love which was denied to its rightful claimant.

She was thinking of all this, as she took her way along to school. Looking up, as she reached the gates of Wynnemere, she beheld her grandfather approaching. She looked for him to pass, as usual, without recognition; but reaching her, he paused, and spoke:

"Well, Ethel Willoughby," he said, in his old, brief way, "I have neither nephews nor nieces now. They're taken themselves off, and left me with bare walls. I dare say they thought the housekeeper, and gardener, and coachman company enough for an old man like me; though,

too, I suppose, because the old man has to sign his will the wrong way, the need them any longer. I'm lonely e Ethel Willoughby, and shall be pow well, in an hour or two—going to be ry cent to the town paupers—turn into an orphan asylum. I suppose should be taken sick with this confo mation of mine, or typhus fever, o of the kind, you'd come and take ca you said you would once, hey? think I see you?" And striking his ly upon the ground, he went off.

Ethel continued her route to s sense of pain that could not be bas words had given rise to feelings of th comfortable description in her heart been cruel to her mother, he had evil son; but was it not a shameful an thing, that he should be deserted in h She had heard a rumor of this t Mrs. Everton had left Wynnemere brother had openly and firmly expre tention of making his will solely several public institutions, and her e with shame for such heartlessness aunt's action, displayed. She wis had somebody left, that her conscien inclination might not so war with If he had only a single friend left t home cheerful, it would not be a rep that she did not go up there. If only here, he would go and stay wi he, at least, was not mercenary. would he have done all in his power, care and attention, to stone in some this movement on the part of his m it was not in his power at present, fo at Cambridge.

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Ethel hastened home.

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too, I suppose, because the old man was going to sign his will the wrong way, that he didn't need them any longer. I'm lonely enough now, Ethel Willoughby, and shall be poor enough, as well, in an hour or two—going to bequeath every cent to the town paupers—turn Wynnemere into an orphan asylum. I suppose now, if I should be taken sick with this confounded rheumatism of mine, or typhus fever, or something of the kind, you'd come and take care of me, as you said you would once, hey? Humph! I think I see you!" And striking his cane sharply upon the ground, he went off.

Ethel continued her route to school with a sense of pain that could not be banished. His words had given rise to feelings of the most uncomfortable description in her heart. He had been cruel to her mother, he had exiled his own son; but was it not a shameful and sorrowful thing, that he should be deserted in his old age? She had heard a rumor of this before—that Mrs. Everton had left Wynnemere because her brother had openly and firmly expressed his intention of making his will solely in favor of several public institutions, and her cheek burned with shame for such heartlessness as this, her aunt's action, displayed. She wished that he had somebody left, that her conscience and her inclination might not so war with each other. If he had only a single friend left to make his home cheerful, it would not be a reproach to her that she did not go up there. If Cecil were only here, he would go and stay with him; for he, at least, was not mercenary. Willingly would he have done all in his power, by his own care and attention, to atone in some degree for this movement on the part of his mother. But it was not in his power at present, for Cecil was at Cambridge.

So Ethel was sorely troubled. Her old resentment and her humanity were most unpleasantly at variance with each other. She was less attentive than usual that morning to the recitations of her pupils; for her thoughts continually wandered away to her grandfather, and dwelt upon the reproachful and sarcastic words with which he had so bluntly addressed her.

"Who knows," she said to herself, "how much sorrow and bitterness there may be in his heart, as he sits in his solitary rooms at Wynnemere? Who knows how deeply he may have repented his old unkindness to his children, and been only prevented by his well known pride from recalling them?"

The school dismissed, she turned homeward, thoughtful and troubled. A little way, and she was overtaken by the wife of the village blacksmith, who wore an unusually disturbed countenance. Ethel noticed it, and kindly bade her good day, inquiring, at the same time, for the health of her family.

"All well, ma'am, thank Providence," answered the good dame. "But, dear, heart, it is sad news about the Squire, isn't it?"

Ethel's heart bounded with a nameless fear.

"Sad news!" she echoed. "What—"

"Why, haven't you heard the news, ma'am? Bless my heart, I thought everybody'd heard about the Squire's accident! You see he was driving out this morning, along near ten o'clock, and stopped at the smithy, to leave word about some work he wanted done. Well, he was stepping out of the chaise, and my old man run to help him; but he wasn't quite soon enough, for the Squire's foot slipped somehow, and down he come. His left knee was hurt very badly, ma'am—broken, I believe; and he had to be carried home. The doctor's been there all the morning, and he says the Squire'll have, likely, a hard time of it. He wont be able to walk for months."

Ethel hastened home.

"Sick and dependent upon servants for the care that dearer hands should bestow. An old man, stricken down in a moment, and forsaken by those who should be near him now!"

Ethel put away old wrongs. She seemed to hear her mother's voice, bidding her forget the past, and go to him. If he had been unkind, it did not make her sense of duty, in this case, the less urgent. She would go up there to his house. He could but turn her away at the worst. Only stopping at home to tell Aunt Patience where she was going, she turned back and went up to Wynnemere. Through those lofty gates, which had never opened for *her* before, up the long avenue, and across the green terraces, went Ethel; straight into the hall, where she stood for the first time in her life, and even now uninvited. She would not permit herself to think, to fear, that her grandfather, wrathful at her long resistance, might reject her aid now, and send her back again. She drove these reflections resolutely away; she would think only of his loneliness, his helplessness, his old age, and her duty. No domestic was visible, and she ran directly up stairs, to the upper hall, where, from one of the long range of doors on the right, she met the physician coming out, accompanied by the housekeeper, whom Ethel knew by sight.

"O, ma'am," said Mrs. Willis, recognizing her, "I'm very glad you've come. Master desired you should be sent for. I was just going down to send James to ask you if you would come."

So he wished her to be there, after all? Her heart beat lighter; yet she wondered at the unusual patience he displayed in repeating the request. She was detained a moment by the physician, from whom she learned the real extent of her grandfather's injuries, which, though not alarming, were such as threatened him with a long and tedious confinement to the house.

"One important thing," added Dr. Lyndsay, "will be to keep our patient quiet, to preserve his mind in a state of repose. The most skilful management, the utmost patience, will be necessary to attain this end, since he is, as you must be well aware, naturally irritable—excitable. We have an excellent nurse, who will attend with all care to the bodily wants of our patient; but that is only a third of the work. Miss Willoughby, shall you stay?"

"If he will permit me, *sir*," she answered.

"He must. You, then, will have the hardest of the labor, after all. You will have the mind to care for; to amuse him; to keep him in good spirits. You will have an invalid's peevishness and whimsicalities to encounter and subdue. May I depend on you?"

"Fully, sir—at least, in regard to patience, courage and perseverance," smiled Ethel.

The physician smiled in return.

"That is well. Go in now, if you please, Miss Willoughby, and take your first lesson. He is at this moment decidedly cross." And she walked in.

"Well, ma'am, you have made your appearance, have you?" was her greeting from the couch of the invalid. "Poverty and a hermit's life weren't quite worth your pity; weren't satisfied till I'd broken my bones, hey? But it's of no consequence—you needn't trouble yourself to stay, ma'am, if you don't feel like it. I dare say I can do very well without you;" and he turned his face resolutely to the wall.

Ethel made no answer, but sat down by the fire in silence. Some ten or fifteen minutes passed, and then, stealing noiselessly from the apartment, she went down stairs, where she found Dr. Lyndsay, putting on his gloves, at the hall door, and giving the nurse some parting charges. Ethel obtained from him some further directions concerning her grandfather, and shortly returning to the apartment she had left, resumed her seat by the fire. The invalid lay with his face still perseveringly turned towards the wall, and perfect silence prevailed, while Ethel, leaning her head upon her hand, sank into thought. Presently, however, he turned his head, and perceived her.

"O, you're there still, are you, Miss Willoughby?" he said. "You seem very determined. I suppose you mean to stay, now you have got here?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

And she did stay. Through all the time of her grandfather's illness, that was a long and weary time to him. She knew how long, how weary it seemed to him; and her gentleness, and patience, and kindness never failed or faltered for an instant. She regarded him with pity and compassion, and by degrees, the resentment she had felt changed to sorrow. As she witnessed his sufferings, day after day, that sorrow was mingled with tenderness; and with these feelings dawning in her heart, she mourned more bitterly than ever her mother's estrangement from him.

Daily, by their earnest request, she despatched messages to her father and mother, acquainting them with the state of the invalid; and daily received written charges from her mother, concerning her care of him, with advice for the promotion of his comfort. Very hard it was to Ada Willoughby that she was not permitted to stand, even for a moment, by the sick bed of her father; but it was some consolation to know that Ethel was there to minister to his wants.

And faithfully she kept her post. She was always there to cheer and amuse him, diverting his thoughts from his own sufferings into happier channels. And he was not insensible to her cares. He watched her daily, to see how patient, how tender, how unwearying was her attendance on him; how unfailingly cheerful she was in his presence, that she might make him also cheerful; how inventive she was in her efforts to please him; how ready to anticipate his slightest wish. And how much, in all this, she was like her mother. Often and often he could have fancied it was Ada who was there; her thousand tender offices of love, her gentle touch, her light step, her musical voice.

And now the better feelings that had been struggling to find way in his heart through all these years, rose triumphant. He had wanted Ada back this long, long time. He had known trouble, and remorse, and unrest, for many a long day gone; but pride had mastered the promptings of his heart. He had driven away the angel monitor—love; he would not humble himself yet. When he first thought of having Ethel at Wynnemere, he had said to himself, it was not that he was relenting, it was not that he ever meant to ask Ada back, it was not that he cared for Ethel in particular; any beggar child would have done as well. But he wanted some bright thing to cheer up the gloom of Wynnemere; for it was gloomy even with his sister's family there; and John and his sisters were not cheerful and musical—they were only noisy and boisterous.

And now that Ethel was there, the crust of pride and hardness that had gathered in all these years over his heart, was beginning to be broken. Ethel's gentleness penetrated it, and stole away down into that heart, and kindled anew there a flame that had been choked up with dead ashes long ago, and had been smouldering there ever since, waiting for the touch of human love to renew it. During his slow recovery, he watched, many a time, the sadness that sometimes settled unconsciously upon Ethel's face; the tears that sometimes fell upon her work, when she believed him sleeping. And one day he said to her:

"Ethel, are your mother and father well?"

There was a quick and radiant flush of joy in the girl's face that shot to his heart, as she answered, with slightly faltering tones, in the affirmative. A thrill of delight ran through her.

"Ask them, Ethel," and his own voice wavered, and grew husky; "ask them if they will come the day after to-morrow, and spend the day with me."

And that very hour the glad message went. With restless happiness, fully betrayed in the trembling and unsteady characters she traced, a note was written and despatched by a servant. And before noon, Ada Willoughby was crying for very joy over it.

There was something different now in Squire Wynne's manner; something softer, gentler; something in the very tones of his voice that betrayed the sense of relief that had come at last, now that he allowed himself to be guided by the secret promptings of that inward monitor, so long silenced. It was as if a great wall of ice had been broken down between him and his grand-daughter, and now they could speak together of things that neither had dared to bring forward heretofore. With some natural constraint at first, and gradually with more freedom, he talked of her mother and father; and learning from Ethel of them, he felt happier than he had done for years, when he never heard of them, or spoke their names.

"Miss Ethel, there's a stranger in the parlor who wishes to see you."

Ethel was reading with her grandfather.

"A stranger?" she echoed, wonderingly, as she rose to go down stairs.

"Yes, Miss. I reckon he don't belong in—"

Squire Wynne did not distinguish the housekeeper's concluding words, for she was half way down stairs with Ethel.

The door of the chamber was left ajar, and presently he heard the tones of Ethel and the visitor mingling together. He wondered whom she had found in the parlor. For a long time the murmuring of those voices continued. Being weary with useless conjectures, he took up the book Ethel had left, and tried to read; but thoughts of to-morrow, and his anticipated meeting with Ada, stole in, and he laid the book aside. Half an hour passed, and then he was roused by the entrance of Ethel, with a flushed and beaming countenance, and a singular agitation of manner. Squire Wynne glanced toward her with a questioning countenance.

"Who was it, Ethel?" he said.

"A gentleman who—has come from—India, sir," she faltered, confusedly.

His face lighted up with an eager, anxious look. He half rose from his chair, and then sank back again.

"India, Ethel!—India!" he said, in a tone of excitement. "Who is he? Why do you blush, and tremble, and look so glad? We know no one in India but—but—"

He paused, and frowned; and yet his hand shook, and his voice was unsteady with the tumultuous rush of feeling within.

"*Ethel, who is it?*" he uttered again, commandingly.

The girl trembled from head to foot; the tears streamed from her eyes.

"*It is your son, sir!*" she said. "He is down there now."

The old man's eyes flashed eagerly.

"Well!—my son—Arthur Wynne—tell him to come up here!" he said, with a quick nervous tone and gesture.

Ethel went to the stair-head. An instant, and a slight springing footstep was on the wide stairs. A tall, graceful, noble looking stranger, bronzed by the sun of many a foreign summer, but yet with a gentle, earnest, almost boyishly beautiful countenance, and deep, serious hazel eyes, like those of his sister Ada—this was Ethel's uncle, who came up to meet her.

"Ethel, he will see me?" he whispered, earnestly clasping her hand.

"Yes—go—go!" and pointing to the door, she fled down stairs, and shut herself in the library to weep away the excitement she felt.

And that morning saw the evil of years done away with; hearts, long estranged, re-united; father and son once more met, and the trouble that had so long shadowed Wynnemere was past.

The next day another meeting of sundered hearts took place. Ada and her husband came; and the children sat once more about their father's hearthstone. We will not linger on those scenes, glad and joyful as they were, that Wynnemere, in its hoary age, looked upon. Its youth was renewed; time grew young again, for the days of old came back again, when the familiar faces returned together, after so many years, and gathered within those aged walls.

Two years after saw the marriage of young lawyer Everton (our old friend Cecil) and Ethel. The bride's dowry was the gift of Squire Wynne, and their home was at Wynnemere. Aunt Patience would have it, however, that Ethel should give her house its old title—her home; and promises one day that it shall be hers in reality. Dear old lady, may the day be far off!

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A correspondent of the Elmira Republican says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window, she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly, a radiant smile overspreading her feature, she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother, there is papa!—home at last!" and expired. It was yet many a weary mile to the mother's home; but the angels, pitying the little sufferer, gathered her to the Paradise of Innocence.

SICILY.

The fair island of Sicily, once the garden and granary of Rome, is now an oppressed and neglected appanage of the kingdom of Naples. In years past she has had many rulers—Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French, Germans, and Spaniards; but under none has she been so misgoverned as under her present masters, the Spanish Bourbons. The people are heavily taxed; but not for the promotion of great enterprises or internal improvements. The roads are few and in bad repair; the mines are unworked; and everything betokens the poverty of the country. The city of Syracuse which once contained more than a million inhabitants, has dwindled into a town of but fourteen thousand, and the total population of the island is but a little more than a million and a half.—*Portfolio.*

IMAGINARY MONSTERS.

In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to the little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance. "I was going toward the hills," he said, "early one misty morning. I saw something moving on the mountain side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my *brother*."—*Westminster Review.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STREAMLET.

BY J. MANLY.

Concealed within a forest glade,
A rippling brook meandered by;
Half hid from view 'neath cooling shade,
It flowed—unseen by careless eye.

The tiny bird oft carolled near
Its hymns of praise to God above,
Its notes resounded "strill and clear,"
In sweetest melody of love.

The student, too, oft brought his book,
And conned the page replete with thought;
But still to him the silent brook
Far better, holier feelings brought.

It spoke of hope, of love, of peace;
It filled the soul with bliss and joy;
It told of times when doubts shall cease,
And peace shall reign without alloy.

And thus it proved an old to all;
It soothed their minds when they were sad;
And pleasure ruled without a pall,
And hope, in shining vestments clad.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

"PAPA GOES THERE."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"MAYN'T I go with you, papa? Please say I may, wont you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven short years who lisped them; a beautiful boy with fair high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wealth of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds which taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty years who listened to his plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Ay, *had been!* for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—*red*, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no. It's no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I, too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old, then putting him down, he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for *men* either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him, then turning towards the few members which faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said, earnestly:

"Mama, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him or that his gentle and pure heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long curls for awhile, then said, endearingly, "Papa knows better than you, what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you." Then rising, she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie; I'll come back soon and then you shall have some supper and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes, she went out. A wealthy mother would have been scared to death at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at nightfall all alone with an infant to care for and an open fire-place to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there were not coals enough to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No, she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store whither he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain was busy with eager wonderings. He knew his father loved to go, and he knew there must be something there he liked, for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unveil.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know anything very bad, to persevere and I would find it out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be pretty things behind those windows. I shouldn't wonder," and his cheeks were glowing, "if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted, so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of a tallow dip and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice should they sally out ere his return.

"I wont stay long, pretty dear," said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms.

"No, I'll come back soon, but I do so want to take one peep."

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement and in a trice he stood beside the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny there."

A cold, November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile, I'm such a little boy and I am so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his chilled limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole towards the glowing grate and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar, were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Halloo," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here, my little fellow? Who are you; what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the windows, I thought I'd like to. But I mustn't stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him.

"And where is your mother, boy?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look so pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he'd bring mama and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please, sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of his listener, "please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers."

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft," said a deep, anguished voice. "He deems me pure and holy. Heavens, what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms, "you have saved me, saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here, with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as ye value your souls' salvation, tempt me not to break my vow. Help me, Heaven—help me, men, so to live, hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes *there*, Willie may go, too."

Silently the door closed after them and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away and many a wife wore smiles that night, nor did the old bar-tender even, curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

* * * *

"Don't you like me, papa? Are you cross at me?" asked Willie, in a hesitating tone, as they stood a few moments on the pavement, for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child and he half feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mama would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you, was you?" was the eager question, in a gladsome voice. "O, then I know you aint cross. O, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa, and a candle, 'cause there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mama not to be cross at me, 'cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will though, 'cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps have come home, yet, and she does love to have you home so much. O, I feel just like crying, I am so glad."

"And I feel like crying, too," said his father, solemnly, and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing *his* heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and *hers* of the sorrow that had draped it as a pall.

Sydney Smith used to lament that so many clergymen thought that sin was to be taken from man as Eve was taken from Adam—by throwing him into a profound slumber.

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O, THINK OF ME.

BY DARK HUGH.

Not when thy heart with mirth is light,
And friends around thee smile,
When on thy path the sun beams bright,
And earthly joys beguile.

Not when thou'rt yielded to the spell
Of music's soothing power,
Nor when the chilling word "farewell"
Bespeaks the parting hour.

But when thy heart is weary, love,
And all seems dark to thee,
O, let one sunbeam pierce the gloom,
And that my memory.

When hearts you trust a mask unfold
It chills thine own to see,
Then nestle closer to mine own,
For I'll be true to thee.

And when the world is cold and stern,
And darkly frowns on thee,
Then from its heartlessness O turn,
And cherish, cherish me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was a morning in early June, soft, warm and odorous. Not with bright and dazzling sunshine, but with a dreamy, hushed murmuring sound of leaves and quiet streams, and a soft, grayish atmosphere that comes upon the sense deliciously. The air was heavy with flower scents, and as the breeze came pleasantly to the cheek, it seemed to whisper of the roses it had lingered to caress.

In a large room, at the very top of an old fashioned mansion, an artist stood before his easel, surveying the portrait which had just received the finishing touches from his long, pale fingers. Pressing the edge of his palette to his lips, he gazed thoughtfully on the hard, cold face that met his eye, and after pondering well the harsh and severe lineaments, his gaze lowered gradually from the portrait to his own feet, which were powerless, unless aided by crutches on which he now stood leaning.

He turned suddenly away as if a sharp pang had shot through his frame, and pressing his hand upon his heart, he coughed slightly and in a moment his lips were red with blood. He sat down and wiped away the crimson stream with his handkerchief, and as it still came faster and faster, he smiled, faintly.

"This will finish me, perhaps," said the boy; for he was but a child in years, and the lameness under which he suffered made him look young by reducing his height.

He sat there, vainly trying to stanch the blood, until he reached forward to a small table on which stood a pitcher of water and a small cup of salt. These he mixed and swallowed hastily, and in a few moments the purple tide ceased. A light rap at the door made him start. He called, faintly, "Come in," and there entered a young girl of small and delicate figure, and a face which was absolutely startling in its beauty.

"A soft, rich bloom overspread cheeks whose olive hue made her seem still more beautiful, while eyes of liquid black were so shaded by the long, dark lashes as to give sweetness to what might otherwise have seemed too piercing, and her mouth betrayed the loveliest of teeth and the sweetest of smiles; and yet there was a likeness, strongly marked and peculiar, to the face on the canvass. As she entered, Michael Waldmyer attempted to conceal the traces of his recent suffering, but her quick eye saw them and she faltered and turned pale. "It is nothing—absolutely nothing, Madeline. It was only an accidental fit of coughing which produced it." Madeline looked mournfully at the blood drops on his clothes, and then at the crutches which leaned against his chair. He watched her look and smiled again, for he was sure of Madeline Hargrave's love, even though he did have to use those appendages to his footsteps; and he knew that in her eyes, they were no bar to his fame and no hindrance to his goodness.

Boy as he was, Michael Waldmyer had already designed and executed works, which, in some countries would have brought him wealth and fame; and even here, his brother artists all acknowledged his genius without a shade of envy, for he had won them all by his sufferings, and his sweetness of temper.

"Why, here is father's picture all finished," said Madeline, "but, dearest Michael, he surely has not a face so stern and harsh as you have pictured him."

"Just so he looked, Lina, when I asked him for your hand. He was absolutely terrible in his expression. I confess that I copied that very look. It was in my memory too strong not to be mingled with every touch of the brush.

Mr. Hargrave had employed Waldmyer to paint his own portrait, because it was the fashion to patronize the lame artist, and wealthy friends had urged him to do so; but had he dreamed of his presumption in thinking of his daughter, his anger would have been most terrible. She had met Waldmyer, at a village on the sea-coast, where she had passed the preceding summer, and where he, too, had passed several months. His genius, his talents, and the serene beauty of a face somewhat mournful in its expression, with large melancholy eyes that looked out from their blue depths like moonlight from the blue vault of the sky, and the infirmity which appealed so strongly to her pitying nature, had conquered Madeline's heart, and when they returned from their summer abode to the gayer scenes of the city, she would not have exchanged the love of the lame artist for that of the highest in the land. But when actually at home, with hearts full of the sweet memories of the moonlight scenes where they first talked of love, both felt the cold reality of their position.

Madeline feared her father, for he was cold-hearted and austere to others, if not to herself, and he paid a worship to wealth which she could not share. To her, a home in the wilderness with Michael Waldmyer by her side, would be sweet indeed.

"Some little cot, lone, simple, wild,
Where nameless flowers around were growing,
Would shine a palace bright for her—"

if he were her companion.

Of late, she had feared for his health, for twice before this, she had seen him wipe the blood from his lips, and each time had experienced a heart quake which told her how dear he had become to her; but he had laughed at her fears, and assured her that it was accidental and not at all alarming. And Madeline, young and inexperienced in sickness, was easily persuaded to believe him.

"I must not stay here," she said, as she turned away from the contemplation of that pale face, "Papa is coming here, and I would rather not meet him."

He called her to his side again and she bent over him with a loving smile.

"Let me show you this letter, dearest," he said, taking one from the table before him.

It was from a well known gentleman of great wealth, who was noticed for his liberality to young and indigent artists; and who had become singularly interested in Waldmyer. In the letter he had generously offered to take upon himself the whole expense of a voyage to Italy and a year's study there, if he would go at once; promising patronage and influence after his return.

"Shall I go, Lina?"

"Go! certainly, you must and shall go, Michael. Why, you would be mad not to accept this offer. Besides, do you know that if you go to Italy and succeed—as I know you *will*—my father would be proud to receive you when you return under the auspices of such a man as Mr. Lennox! Nay, you will think me unmaidenly if I say all that I was about to utter."

Then, as if struck by a new thought, she said, "yes, Italy will be the very thing for that terrible cough. Indeed you will go, Michael—and go *now*, yes, go now."

The young girl was beseeching her lover to part from her, even with tearful eyes, and he smilingly told her so. But she persisted, and soon left him to his own meditations upon the subject.

Rome! Italy! The very goal to which his thoughts had flown a thousand times, and as often returned as did the dove to the ark. Would his feet touch the land so beautified and hallowed by the art he loved? True, it would separate him from Madeline, but they were both young; and, as she said, when he had gained a name, perhaps he might dare to love her. He decided to go, and wrote a few brief but grateful lines to Mr. Lennox, signifying his acceptance of his generous offer.

He had just sealed his letter when Mr. Hargrave came in. He was, as usual, very stately and magnificent. He came to look at his picture for the last time before it should be removed to his house.

"You have an expression there, young man" (he said this very pompously), "which I am not conscious of wearing. Will you amend your work in that respect?"

Waldmyer bowed acquiescence and with a few strokes of the pencil, he changed the expression to a grave but pleasant one.

"Better, much better, and I flatter myself much more natural. When shall I send for this?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hargrave gathered up his gloves and hat, and was leaving the room, when Waldmyer, who had exerted himself too much, was again attacked as before, and the red stream was flowing from his lips.

"Bless me, Mr. Waldmyer! let me call a physician." He could only answer by a sign not to do so. Mr. Hargrave handed a glass of water and held it softly to his lips. He was touched by Waldmyer's gentle and patient look.

"I am truly sorry for you," he said, in a tone unlike his usual imperious one. "You must go to a warmer climate, Mr. Waldmyer. Unquestionably it would be better for you than this changeful one which tries even my healthful frame," and he bowed himself from the room.

Hargrave was a man, after all, of kind feelings and strong benevolence. Perhaps he was not so much to blame for not wishing Madeline to marry one like Waldmyer. He was poor, ill and lame; and in his heart, Michael, ever candid and right-judging, could not censure him for the part which he had taken; while yet he sighed bitterly over the destiny which seemed to separate him from Madeline Hargrave.

Madeline had gone from Waldmyer's room to the house of a dear friend, Alice Clifford, to whom the lovers had mutually confided their hopes and fears. Alice was the niece of Mr. Lennox, who had been so generous to Waldmyer, and it was partly by her representations, that her uncle had become so interested in the youthful artist.

"You will not hinder this, Madeline," said Alice, "for I feel that it is his only chance for life. I speak plainly, for you must see that Waldmyer is dying by inches—not so much from ill health, as that he is so hemmed in by circumstances, so narrowed in his prospects, that he has become hopeless of the future. I have talked long and earnestly with him, dear Lina, and this is my conviction, that he must go or die!"

Madeline thought of the blood, and shuddered.

"I will urge him to go, Alice," she answered. "I have done so already. God knows that I would not stand in his path. I will go to him again," and she added, with a quivering lip, "poor fellow, he *shall* go."

She did go to him and he consented to go. Over their last parting, we must not linger. It was full of a sorrow too sacred to be revealed; the sorrow which looks on death as near and certain.

It was on a morning in the latter part of July, that Waldmyer sailed for Italy. He arrived in safety, and wrote, full of hope and reviving health, to Madeline. Several months elapsed after this, and he was rarely heard from. Alice Clifford, however, received a letter from a friend at Rome, which contained this paragraph:

"By the way, Alice, one of your far-famed American youths, whose praises you have so often trumpeted, is here; and if those who are tall and straight and healthy among them can compare with this one, I will concede to you what I have so often disputed—the superiority of American artists in points independent of their art. You know that you have claimed for your countrymen that they were not only professional, but that the profession was only an adjunct of the man himself; while I, alas, was forced to admit that our artists have, in general, no claim—beyond their actual profession—to intellectual wealth.

"But I take it, Alice, that this youth must be an exception; for, although he is suffering from excessive lameness, and is often embarrassed in company, from his continual dependence on his crutches, yet I assure you he is highly distinguished here, for his professional talents, for the mournful beauty of his face, and for his intellectual acquirements. He is studying with one of our first artists, and bids fair to paint well; understand me, Alice, not as Italians paint, but as well as Americans can paint. For the rest, I will only say that this wonderful youth is called Michael Waldmyer, and if he were not an American, I should expect him some day to rank with our best artists."

"What a teasing thing Agnes is, uncle Lennox," said Alice, as she showed him the letter. "We have disputed so many times about American talent, that she considers herself bound to keep up the quarrel. Well, I forgive her in consideration of what she admits, and will go to Madeline with the letter. Even its qualified praise will rejoice her."

The year waned and ended, and it was not until the second had nearly expired, that Waldmyer returned to his native shores. Unknown to any one, Mr. Lennox had furnished him with the funds which should enable him to pass a few months with an eminent French surgeon, who had so far succeeded as to allow him to walk without pain, and occasionally to dispense with any other support than a light crutch and another person's arm. He thus looked a very little taller than before. His face wore a more hopeful expression, and there was a lighting up of the countenance, which no one ever saw there in the old time.

Mr. Lennox did nothing by halves; and almost before the arrival of the steamer that brought him was announced, a splendid room was fitted up with every requisite for the pursuit of art, that could be devised.

"Who is going to wear that splendid dressing-gown and cap?" asked Mr. Lennox, as he saw Alice finishing them.

"They are for your favorite, Mr. Waldmyer," she answered.

"Excellent! I believe they are the only things I did not provide. Purple velvet, I declare! Just the color of Raphael's. Why, Alice, I should think you were in love with Mr. Waldmyer, yourself; I will certainly tell Lina to watch you or you will run away with her lover. Nay, you cannot do that, Miss Alice, for poor Waldmyer is not given to running."

"For shame, uncle, to sport with his dreadful infirmity."

"I trust, Alice, from the accounts I hear from our young friend, that his infirmity will be greatly lessened."

"Now I can guess the meaning of those mysterious packets which you have been addressing so often to that French doctor with the unpronounceable name. Dear uncle, is Waldmyer cured of that terrible lameness. O, do let me go and tell Lina."

"Why, Alice, how you jump at conclusions. Because I hinted that Mr. Waldmyer may have received some benefit abroad, you—woman-like—conclude at once that he has thrown away his crutches, and can now walk as well as you do yourself."

"Well, that will comfort Lina a little. I will tell her that."

"No—wait and let her find it out."

A few months after this, Mr. Lennox and Mr. Hargrave were walking together, when the attention of the latter was drawn to the handsome sign on which the name of "Waldmyer, Artist," was conspicuous.

"Is that the same whom you recommended to me as a portrait painter?"

"The same. He is making a great sensation here. His room is constantly occupied by sitters, and already he has acquired a fortune, although it is only a few months since he came from Italy."

"Italy! and has he travelled?"

He has, and since he returned his success has been unrivalled, not only professionally, but socially, for he is now admitted to very select circles."

"Yes, very likely," said Mr. Hargrave; "by the way it was I who advised his going to Italy. I knew it would save his life, and moreover, I discovered such wonderful talent in him."

Mr Lennox bit his lip. "Let us go in," said he. They did so, and Mr. Hargrave greeted the artist with so much cordiality, and congratulated him so warmly upon his restoration to health, and paid him so many compliments upon his success, that Waldmyer ventured to draw the curtain from a large picture which stood in the room. It was Madeline—so lifelike, so beautiful that one would have almost expected to hear her voice. It was a full length portrait, and perfectly matched another standing just behind it, which Mr. Lennox had employed him to paint for Alice. The two girls had sat privately, at hours when no one but themselves and Mr. Lennox were admitted.

Mr. Hargrave gazed and wondered; and then he gazed at Waldmyer—at Waldmyer, standing erect, or leaning but lightly upon a crutch of a peculiar French manufacture; and which seemed a light support to a cripple, such as he remembered him when he asked him for his daughter.

* * * * *

"If ever life was prosperously cast," it was that of the two beings whose love had endured so long and so well. It was not in Mr. Hargrave's nature to withstand the pleadings of Waldmyer and his two friends, Mr. Lennox and Alice; and there is not a happier little wife in the whole world than Lina Waldmyer, the ARTIST'S BRIDE.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOME.

BY MARTIN H. HOWARD.

The sinking sun glows ruddy in the west,
The summer day is drawing to its close,
And tired Nature hails the hours of rest.
And evening twilight as it softly glows.

From weary labors of the long, long day,
The farmer comes, when evening brightly fair
Entwines within her soft embrace the ray
Of parting sunlight, and enchains it there;

Awhile it lingers, hovering on the rim
Of the wide circle of the fading sight;
Fair is the landscape, though the lines are dim,
And faint the colors in the mellowed light.

My own fair home! how softly fades away,
Lost on the hills around thee, on the fields,
The meadows, orchards, wood, the light of day;
Ere night in darkness o'er thy beauty steals!

I love thee dearer, humble as thou art,
Than though you chained enraptured every eye;
Thy peaceful beauty speaks unto my heart
A truthful language, learned in years long by.

Mid the vast hills, that circling woods surround,
Dwells the red Indian, and his savage home
Is far from town or city; it is found
In pathless wilds, his foot alone may roam;

And yet he loves it; and the wastes wide-spread,
Unmarred by man, fresh from the hand of God,
Are his inheritance—his fathers, dead,
Bequeathed a kingdom on the forest sod.

On the wide desert, with its level plain,
Or undulating fields of burning sand,
Swift speeds the Arab; and the loosened rein,
That guides the steed, fails careless from his hand.

His eye on the dim horizon is bent,
That circles far beneath his piercing sight;
The desert's beauty to his mind has sent
A thrilling ecstasy of fierce delight—

"This is my home," the desert chieftain cries,
"Here will I dwell amid the vast, the grand:"
Still fleetly on the barbed courser flies,
On over endless wastes of burning sand.

Throned in its palaced grandeur, bullied high,
The queenly city stands; its glittering spires,
And minarets, all glancing to the sky,
Are sunlit, blazing with a thousand fires.

Along the crowded streets the human stream
Is flowing noisily, and each, intent
Upon his various business, still doth deem
A kindly heaven his lordly home has sent.

Where a high cliff hangs o'er a stormy sea,
Wild beaten oft by angry winds and waves,
Stands a poor cot, close in beneath its lea,
To seek protection when the tempest raves;

And this the fisher's cottage—when at night,
Hark! rolling homeward in his laden bark,
Gleams from his cottage window far the light,
While all the rock and stormy sea are dark;

"O, 'tis my home!" the weary fisher cries,
"That fire is blazing on my hearth-stone now."
On kind loved hearts unwind his moistened eyes,
While breaks the billow foaming o'er the prow.

Some love the ocean, and its pomp of power;
Amid its solitude would ever dwell;
Can dream of Nalads in each coral bower;
And list the mermaid in the breathing shell.

Love the wild storm, the raging tempest love,
When bursts its fury on the mighty sea;
Laugh at the billows, and the winds above;
Laugh at the breakers boiling in the lee.

With more than elemental ire they rage;
As the mind's vastness is o'er that of earth,
So wilder, grander, is the fight they wage,
Than ere of earth's created things had birth.

High mid the snows, that crown the lofty head
Of Alpine mountains, whose gigantic span
Springs half-way to heaven, where the glaciers spread
Their fields stupendous, still is home for man;

A home of grandeur, yet a home of fear
To all but its possessors, realms of cold,
An ice-bound mansion, isolated, drear,
And yet a mansion for the tameless soul.

They *sleep* at night, while avalanches pour
Down from their craggy heights a mountain mass,
And earth, astounded, hears the mighty roar;
They sleep, for heed the thunders as they pass.

Though I may wander from my native land,
On other shores my truant steps may roam,
One dearer spot, within my heart, will stand:
That spot, my early, and my boyhood's home.

The sunny skies of Italy may beam
Their softened splendor on me, and the hour
May glow in beauty, like young fancy's dream
Of wood-nymph's haunt, or fairy's syrian bower;

The awful grandeur of the storm-clad sea,
The lonely vastness of the silent plain,
May come, each one with thrilling joys to me,
And yet, than each, a fairer scene remain.

Paint glow the skies, their golden lustre lost,
Low sink the hills, that touch the lofty sky,
Still grow the blossom, though in tempest tost,
While one dear scene springs up before mine eye.

A sunny scene amid New England's hills,
Far from the land where wearily I roam;
Deep through my heart the fond remembrance thrills,
The fond remembrance of my early home.

SCALING TURTLES.

The tortoise shell of commerce is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. The scales are thirteen in number, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. A large turtle will furnish about eight pounds. To detach this shell from the living animal is a cruel process, which it made my flesh creep to witness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they in a few years would exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him and cover his back with dried leaves and grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the lamine lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they are caught the second time with the over-coating reproduced; in such cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.—*Florida Gazette.*

ANSELM ROTHSCHILD.

The fortune of Baron de Rothschilds, who recently died, has been valued at forty to fifty millions of florins. The sum of 1,200,000 florins is destined to continue the alms which the deceased was in the habit of distributing every week, as well as for the distribution of wood to the poor in winter. The fund for giving a dower to Jewish maidens receives 50,000 florins; the fund for the sick as well as the Jewish hospitals, 10,000 florins each. The Jewish school, 50,000 florins. Sums of three thousand florins are bestowed on several Christian establishments. The clerks who have been more than twenty years in the firm receive 2000 florins, the others 1000; and the juniors from three hundred to five hundred. Many legacies are left to servants.—*Sunbeam Mercury.*

Jester's Picnic.

A son of the Emerald Isle lately had occasion to visit the city in his vehicle. Having arrived at his point of destination, he alighted and proceeded to transact his business. On returning to the place where he had left his horse and wagon, he was astonished that his horse had run away.

"Sure and did he break the rein?" inquired he of his informant.

"No, I believe not," was the reply.

"Well, thin, how in the name of Saint Patrick could he have got loose; for sure an' I tied the reins to the wagon?"

A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "what made the boat go," when he gave them a minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words:

"You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole, and fastens on the jigmaree, and that connects with the—crinkumcrankum, and that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind o' stirs up the—he that do you call it, with his long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

A lieutenant in the service, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said:

"You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name."

"Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have—well, Broom—handle, how are ye?"

A gentleman once wrote to a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and who for a long time had refused to speak to him. His letter was earnest in supplications for forgiveness. It concluded with: "One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?" Her answer was: "Next Wednesday, at the altar." To which he sent the following reply:—"I will be there!"

A minister in this city meeting with a parishioner who recently came into possession of quite a handsome property by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along with the settlement of the estate. "O," said he, "I am having a dreadful time; what with getting out letters of administration, and attending probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he had not died."

Michael Angelo must have been a wicked wag, not over burdened with the spirit of the true faith. It is said that when he was told that he had, in one of his paintings, given a too florid complexion to the Apostles Peter and Paul, he replied that he had not portrayed them as they appeared on earth, but as they were likely to look in heaven, where they blushed for the lives of their successors!"

English tavernkeepers simply advertise their intention to "dress a fine, lively turtle," on such a day; but the Yankee, more atrociously, writes with chalk upon the devoted animal's back, "soup to-morrow," and places him on parade before his hotel, thus basely making him a party to his own murder, and compelling him, in defiance of all the laws of nations, to advertise his own execution.

A party taking a supper at one of the suburban hotels a few evenings since, found the poultry rather tough. One genius after exercising his ingenuity to no effect, in trying to dissect a turkey, turned to the waiter and asked: "You haven't got such a thing as a pound of gunpowder in the house, have you, for I think it will be the shortest way to blow this fellow up."

Recently, in Detroit, when Romeo and Juliet was to be performed, a scapegrace, known as Romeo, was stuck in the pit. At the moment when Juliet exclaims, "Romeo, where art thou?" up got the second Romeo:

"Here in the pit. I had only a quarter and couldn't get up into the boxes!"

A young lady, who had weathered many summers at the sea side, was accused of dying her hair, which is of a rich raven-black. She declared in the most indignant manner, that there was not the slightest truth in the accusation; more than this, she generously offered to let any one examine her hair, to see how false it was!

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz., "O, give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it attentively, the old fellow finally growled out:

"Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a *bedstead!*"

A courtier was praising an old lady for her beauty. "Beauty," said the ancient, "is incompatible with age."

"Pardon me," replied the flatterer, "we say beautiful as an angel, and of all created beings, angels are the oldest."

A wit of the 17th century observed that when the cannon of King Charles began to go off, the authority of canons was overthrown. It was first mitre, and then nitre, that governed the world—St. Peter and Saltpetre.

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